

Australian



PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



BIG drug business

Australia's steroid boom

Nightlife

Partying with the
Outcasts Motorcycle Club

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

42 on
the sand,
15 plus on
the body
and 20/20
vision.



Y&RS BAL 009

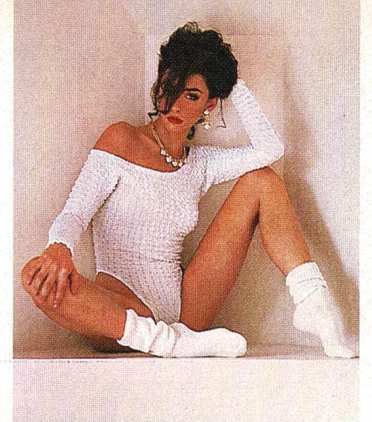
IMAGINE ALL THE WAYS
THEY PROTECT YOU.

Ray-Ban
Sunglasses by
Bausch & Lomb

Style: Cats

Australian PENTHOUSE

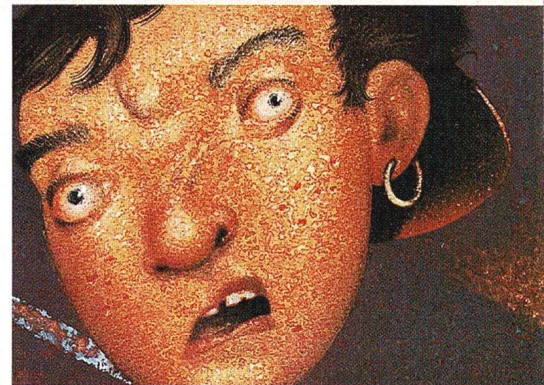
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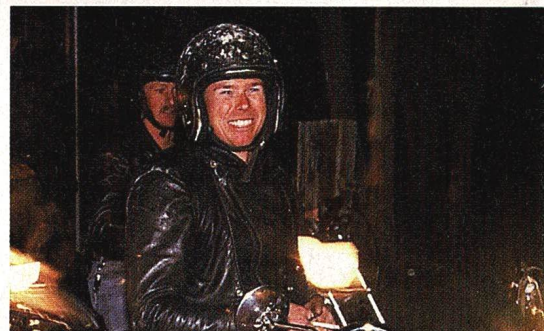
Muscle Drugs



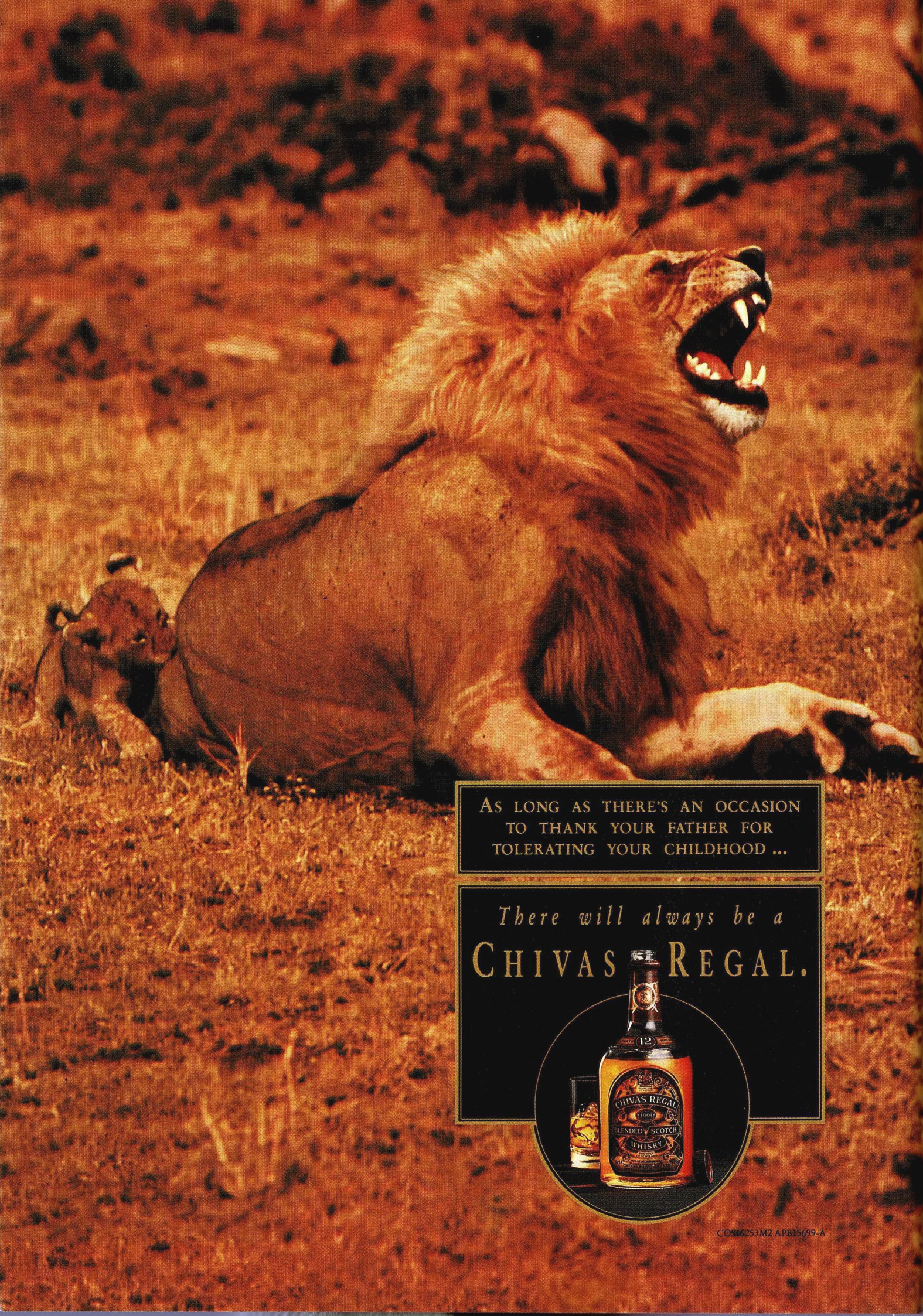
Down and out with Austen Tayshus



Die Yuppie Die!

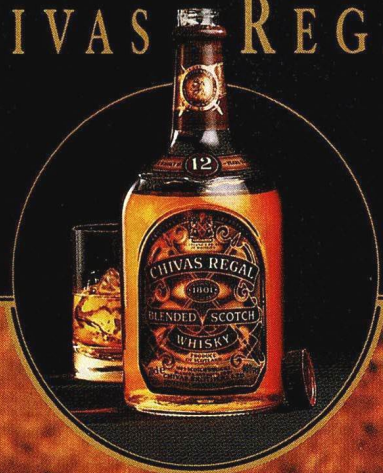


Nightlife



AS LONG AS THERE'S AN OCCASION
TO THANK YOUR FATHER FOR
TOLERATING YOUR CHILDHOOD ...

There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.



COSI6253M2 APB15699-A



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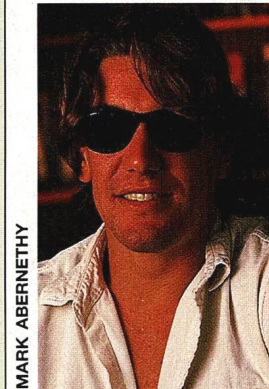
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housecall



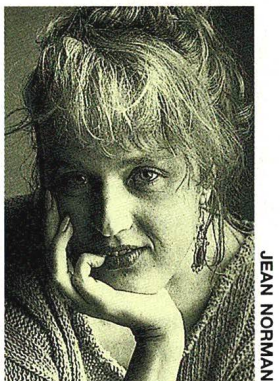
MARK ABERNETHY

PARTY ANIMALS

Senior Staff Writer **Mark Abernethy** worked as a reporter on daily newspapers in New Zealand and Queensland before freelancing for magazines from the Gold Coast. His previous stories for *Australian Penthouse* have covered the subjects of smart drugs, Gold Coast street crime, casinos, and the benefits of booze. This month he turns his attention to the latest in the Nightlife series and follows Boris and his mates to the home of the Outcasts Motorcycle Club in Sydney. There's booze, bimbos, cops and rock 'n' roll to make it a Saturday night you won't forget. See the story, and photos by **Graham Monro**, on page 74.

DOWN AND OUT WITH AUSTEN TAYSHUS

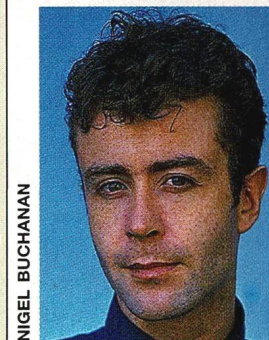
Sydney journalist **Jean Norman** is comfortable with subjects that other writers won't touch. Bitches, penis size, getting fired with style and bimbos. If it's wacky enough, she'll write it. This month the former Auckland newspaper reporter takes her keen eye and acid wit to an interview with Austen Tayshus — a man who once had the top-selling record in Australia and now finds himself on hard times. "He's a bloke who goes from serious and compassionate to outrageous and rude in the space of a few seconds," Jean said after the interview. Read her profile with photos from **Stuart Spence** on page 50.



JEAN NORMAN

BIG DRUG BUSINESS

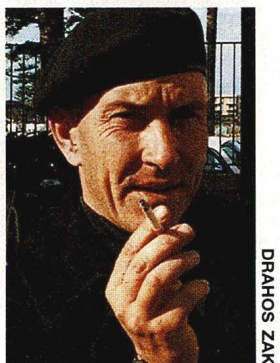
Editorial artist **Nigel Buchanan** has had his distinctive pictures published in magazines such as *ITA*, *HQ*, *Playboy* and *Harper's Bazaar*. But he is best known for the illustrations he has penned for *Australian Penthouse* over six years of contributing, and recently the former New Zealander passed the milestone of his 50th story illustration for this magazine. His work is coveted in the United States where he recently won a New York art directors' award, and his Lipton tea cups can be seen on the side of buses around Australia. This month he illustrates the steroids story by **Mark Abernethy** on page 34.



NIGEL BUCHANAN

ARE YOU A YUPPIE?

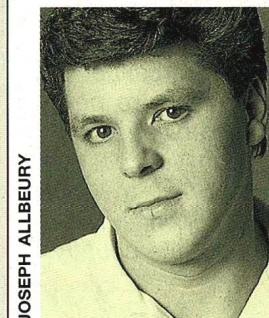
Drahos Zak has penned more than 100 pictures for this magazine since making his debut in 1986. The Czechoslovakian emigre splits his talents between *Penthouse* assignments and his award-winning children's books and tells us that his inspiration for his outrageous pictures comes from being crazy. "At art school in Prague they used to cut open bodies in the morgue so we could draw anatomy. That would make anybody crazy." See Zak's illustration of **Jean Norman's** yuppie story on page 56.



DRAHOS ZAK

MAKE MY DAY

"Interested in everything — involved in nothing", is the way **Joseph Allbeury** describes his approach to freelance journalism. The 26-year-old has had stories and pictures published in *Penthouse*, *Professional Photographer*, *People*, *Picture*, *Guns Australia* and French magazine *Historia*. He is currently working on the screenplay of a feature film and on page 16 shows us the world of the practical shooter with his words and pictures.



JOSEPH ALLEBURY

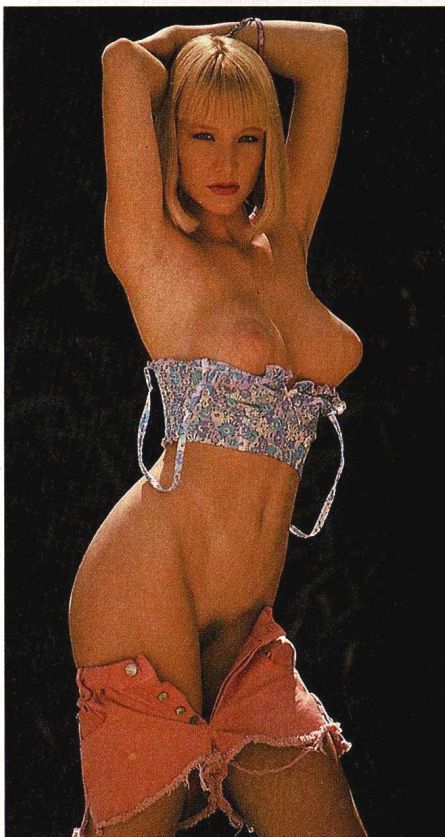
feedback

Fiction fan

I have been an avid reader of *Australian Penthouse* for several years, and I enjoy the journalism as much as the photo-portfolios, but most of all I like the fiction stories. There are so few outlets for new Australian fiction, I think *Penthouse* should be commended for giving local writers the exposure that it does. — *Ian Higgins, Dubbo, NSW*

No point

I don't understand the point of "Kantor's Celebrity Skins." What possible reason would there be for running a full-page illustration of Mal Meninga with a football over his dick? Surely this page could be better filled by another photograph of one of your beautiful Pets. I for one would like to see more of the delicious Carrie Gold, whose bad temper sounds very exciting to me. — *Colin Hudson, Brisbane, Qld*



Carrie Gold — sounds very exciting

Say no to drugs

Mark Abernethy is a good writer but I can't help feeling that his piece on "Smart Drugs" (September issue) was a little irresponsible. It's *never* smart to take drugs. All this talk about pharmaceuticals sharpening the mind and improving performance sounds like bullshit to me. I thought that the days of looking for the "answer" in chemicals went out with the kaftan. The biggest "high" is life. — *Conrad Stephenson, Coffs Harbour, NSW*

Pleasing response

"Armed Response", Brett Stevens' piece in the September issue of *Penthouse*, affirms once again your magazine's reputation for high standards of photography. Stevens certainly knows how to "tell it like it is" and a picture is still worth a thousand words as far as I'm concerned.

More pictorials like this one, please! — *Arnold Fido, Perth, WA*

Intelligence insulted

I am a not so young professional with an exciting sex life and a more than ordinary portfolio of experiences collected in Europe, Asia and Africa. Sometimes working very hard, sometimes relaxing, I think I'm pretty well Mr Average *Penthouse*.

My previous year's collection of Black Label editions does not look much different from the ones I receive now. The girls all have the same postures (sitting, legs wide open or on the knees with the backside exposed). Not much fantasy, but very nice looking girls and good photography. The only outstanding series was "From Sydney with Love" in June last year. I still intend to go on a pilgrimage to those ferries.

The *Forum* letters insult my intelligence. I suspect that you produce them with one of those computer programs, where one feeds in a number of words and the thing scrambles them into new letters, by using simple grammar rules and some standard situations. Obviously you use only a very few verbs, such as fucking, sucking etc, even less nouns, such as cunt, cock, prick, clit, mixed with adjectives like juicy, dripping and rock-hard.

The good things include the travel stories, some of the nightlife descriptions, feature articles and even the counselling and the advertising. The cartoons and jokes are great (the latter because my wife doesn't understand them and I trade the solutions in for other favours!)

Please make the *Penthouse* photos a bit more original and let me rush to the postbox for an immediate look, laugh and erection. — *Name and address withheld*

The *Forum* letters we publish are unsolicited and come from our readers. They are edited for length and readability only. The intrinsic elements and language of the letters are not changed. — *Ed*

Fair view

Being in a time of equal rights, it seems strange to me that women's magazines like *Women's Forum* and *Playgirl* take great delight in showing the male penis, but men's magazines like *Penthouse* can't show the vagina. Does *Penthouse* think that men aren't interested in seeing the vagina? It doesn't have to be shown as anything that is disgusting, but can be displayed in a tasteful way. I think readers should write in and express their opinions on this matter. — *Name and address withheld*

Due to differing state censorship laws, Australian *Penthouse* cannot be as explicit as we would like to be in our Western Australian edition. If you want to see more than you do, we suggest you subscribe to our uncensored Black Label edition, available by mail order throughout the country. — *Ed*

Definitely not for the quiet life.



Omega Speedmaster Professional
gents' chronograph in
steel with engraved inscription
"The First Watch Worn on the Moon"
on the case back.
Water-resistant.
Swiss made since 1848.

Ω
OMEGA

The sign of excellence.



If you live in a town like Lynchburg, drop us a line. We probably have a lot in common.

LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE is a tiny little town where things never change much. There's a sidewalk bench where townsmen gather at the start of the day. A general store where soda pop still costs a dime. And a distillery where Jack Newton Daniel made Tennessee Whiskey way back in 1866. Of course, we've spruced up the distillery since the days Mr. Jack worked here. But, true to the ways of Lynchburg, we've never changed the taste of the whiskey.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Relatively pleasurable

It was eight months ago. I had just returned from my honeymoon with my new husband, Greg. My husband loves to have me show off my superb 20-year-old, 36-24-36 figure and being only 19 my C-cup boobs are still firm and rounded. I had lived with Greg for two years and for nearly that whole time his father, who is a very keen photographer, tried to get me to pose for him.

My boyfriend, before we were married, often took photos of me nude and I liked it, but posing for your father-in-law didn't sound quite right. During my honeymoon, I had sunbaked in only my bikini bottom and Greg decided to take a few snaps for his dad. When I returned to work his dad rang me at the office and asked me if I could pose for him in my bikini and some skirts and tops. What the hell? I thought. I'd be keeping my top on and I might get some good shots to give my husband for our anniversary.

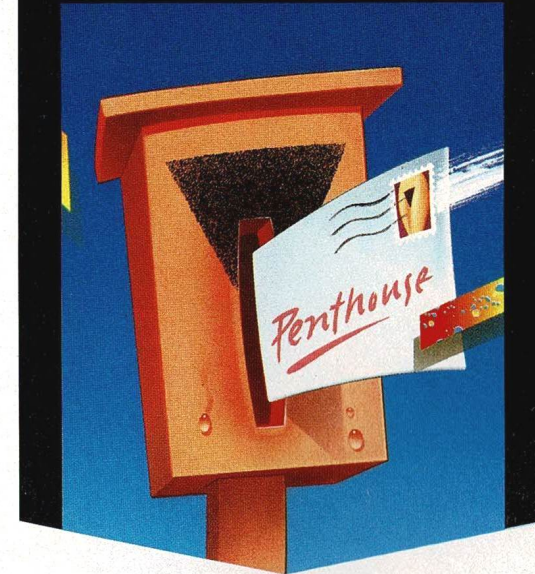
My father-in-law picked me up and off we went to do some shots. I was wearing a mini skirt and top when we arrived at the location. He asked me to change into my bikini while he brushed away twigs from the clearing. My bikini top was very tight and my boobs strained at the fabric.

When we began Barry told me that I really did look like a sex goddess and my posing was excellent. I sat down on a log and he asked me to open my legs slightly. He crouched down and positioned himself to get a good view.

"Now Tina, reach up and undo that bikini top at your neck and let the straps fall."

I did this and let my firm boobs bounce free a little. "Good," he encouraged, then moved in for close-up shots. He finished the roll of film and suggested I change into my mini and shirt. I went behind the car, stripped out of the bikini and put on black panties, mini skirt and top. When I came out Barry had removed his shirt, and I thought he looked pretty fit for 52.

We took a few more shots, undoing more and more buttons as we went.



forum

He asked me to lie down on the rug, then he asked me to remove the top altogether. I agreed, as I felt very comfortable with him, and he began to take shots of my tits. I then removed the skirt and was left only in my tight, high-cut black panties. He asked me to prop myself on my elbows and moved in to take some close-ups. I began to feel quite turned on having him move around me taking pictures, and I suggested I take my panties down, but only if he removed his too.

He did, and as I rolled down the black panties, he released his thick cock. He began moving in to photograph my neatly trimmed pussy. He asked me to open my legs. I did as he asked. Feeling hornier and hornier, he came in very close and began clicking away at my pussy, which was now beginning to feel quite hot and wet. He asked me to lift my hips off the ground as he moved in between my legs to get a close-up of my tits. As he moved between my legs to get a better shot, his super-hard cock was bobbing only an inch away from my open pussy. Barry was clicking away madly, and moving closer and closer. Finally, I felt his cock bob against my cunt lips. I reached out and lightly touched the end of his cock, then positioned its head against my lips. Barry kept snapping away as he slowly slid his penis into

me. I lay back as he captured his huge pole disappearing between my moist lips. After a moment, he dropped the camera and moved his head down onto my breasts and began to suck each nipple greedily. As he sucked, his pole gradually sunk into me. I lay back and moaned as the feeling of the sun on my naked body and Barry sucking my boobs made me so horny. I spread my legs wide and gently pushed his head down in between my pussy lips. He licked me, lightly at first and then hard and fast. He was tonguing my clit and began fucking my hole with his hot tongue. I shuddered to orgasm. Barry moved up and placed his rock-hard cock deep into me again, plunging in and out of

my pussy hard and fast until he came loudly and collapsed on top of me. We lay in the warm sun and cuddled for some time. I felt very good with Barry. We dressed and he drove me back to work.

I made love with my father-in-law twice again, and it stayed our secret. Barry has since moved interstate and I am still totally happy with Greg, his son. By the way, my nude modelling career has really taken off since then. — *Name and address withheld*

Suite dreams

Four years ago, when I was 20, I was working at a local business that was run by a husband and wife team in their early thirties. There was a natural friendship between us, especially as we had also been neighbours for several years. During my employment, though, the wife — who I will call Janet — and myself, were quickly becoming more than just friends, and it wasn't too long before Janet decided to do something about us getting together.

Her husband, Jeff, had always wanted to try white-water rafting, so Janet organised a weekend for him and some of his mates. At the same time she took the liberty of booking the honeymoon suite at one of Sydney's top hotels. I was told I needed a good suit for dinner and that I wouldn't get

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forum

much sleep on that particular night.

When the night finally arrived and we had checked into the hotel room, I was quite impressed, especially with the size of the bed — which I was sure would not look the same the next morning when we left. I was a little disappointed though, when Janet said we only had time for a bath before we went down to dinner. I went to unpack while she went in to run our bath. By the time I got into the bathroom, she was already sitting in the bath eagerly waiting to wash every part of my body — some more than others.

About half an hour later, I stepped out of the bath to be towelled dry from head to toe while also getting some absolutely mind blowing head. It seemed to pity to have to go to dinner instead of straight to bed.

We finally got back from dinner, which had only served to increase my anticipation of what was in store. Janet had me sit on the edge of the bed while she began to undress me. If she was eager to go through with the night, she was certainly doing a good job of hiding it. After removing my coat and tie, Janet began unbuttoning my shirt, leaving a trail of kisses behind each undone button. With my shirt removed, she turned her attention to my nipples, kissing and biting them as an indication of the treatment that she had in mind for the rest of my body. The kisses then continued down my legs as my trousers were removed, with each toe being treated as a small cock.

Janet must have sensed my growing need for sexual relief, which was made rather obvious by the size and hardness of my throbbing cock. She made me lie back on the bed so that she could tie me down and blindfold me. I now had no choice but to wait until Janet decided she would let me come.

From what I could hear, Janet didn't waste much time getting undressed. My imagination began to run wild when I heard her rummaging around in her bag that she hadn't let me near earlier in the evening. Suddenly I felt her slowly lowering herself over my face and, as the scent of her sex began to fill my nostrils, I licked at her cunt with a passion. While I was paying special attention to her soaking wet gash, she began to pay attention to my aching hard-on. She also grabbed her vibrator and placed it firmly against my arse as I began to suck on her love-button for all I was worth. She alternated between sucking my cock and sucking my balls, until she sensed I was just about to shoot a load of white, hot jism down her throat.

Continued on page 134



"Some new kind of C.P.R."

IT'S HELL TRYING TO FIND A SEAT AT A GOOD CONCERT.



A portable music power plant – the Philips Sound Machine delivers a huge 80 watts PMPO (Peak Music Power Output) through its unique turbo bass generator and 5-way speaker system. Includes programmable CD player, AM/FM tuner and double cassette. Plus a full remote control, guaranteeing you the best seat in the house.



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M O D E R N M A N

FRONT

CAR CONFUSION

Single, fun-loving men don't buy cars anymore

Holy snapping dog shit! This is all becoming too confusing. Driving used to be so simple. If you needed to go somewhere, you'd jump into an Australian tank with the bench front seat, the gas-guzzling engine and the dubious handling, and you'd launch this beast in the general direction of the destination.

It was a case of three on the tree, smokes on the sun visor, drugs in the glove box, the boys up front, the girls in the back and a banana in the diff. Very simple.

"What you see is a demure couple in couth slacks and sensible shoes . . ."

But times have changed. Cars are now political, there's no fun allowed and advertising people have lost The Joke.

The automotive bloke with a sense of lifestyle and dignity has been alienated by advertising campaigns that paint motoring in the Nineties as some kind of bizarre world where The Brady Bunch go to Christian youth group in a flotilla of different Japanese cars that all look the same. An absurd picture that does not include the Modern Man and forces one to ask, "Are we actually meant to *believe* this stuff?"

When was the last time a bunch of dried leaves materialised on the road and flew into the air as you drove the latest Japanese car model down the street? How many times has your car spontaneously disappeared as you drove across the surface of a canal? Since when did a Volvo ever out-



perform a BMW in a parking building race? Is there really a car so cute and non-phallic that it can turn the male owner into a "Nice Guy" who laughs when some bimbo throws a bucket of water over him from two storeys up? If that Jap four-wheel drive is so much better than the Holden as a farm vehicle, then why didn't they film their hill test on a real hill rather than tilting the camera through 45 degrees? And quite honestly, when was the last time you bought a Ford Falcon so you could take it to Europe and impress a bunch of day-rate actors with fake accents?

There are no answers to these questions. Advertising of cars is now written by a social group so far

removed from the Modern Man that they may as well be Angry People. The Car Crap PR writers are experts at "lifestyle identification" and "buyer empathy", but they have missed the contemporary bloke by a country mile.

Why is everybody in the latest car ads so *nice*? People who drive cars are not nice people. They cut you off, steal your park, sound their horns and take four minutes to get the right change at the toll gate. They grind their teeth, yell abuse, bash the steering wheel and try to spank the kids in the back seat while executing a three point turn on a one way street.

But watch any one of the hundreds of car-sells on TV and what you see is

Illustration by Drahos Zak

CAR CONFUSION

a demure couple in couth slacks and sensible shoes who look like they've spent the whole day on Mogadon and gin. Pat Boone meets Doris Day in an automotive grin-fest from hell.

And full-blown, upper-middle class, Country Road-wearing, WASP-educated niceness is not the only mistake.

Why are yuppie couples now selling cars? Whatever happened to the Lone Wolf driving hard into the horizon in a macho-mobile like a Holden Monaro GTS or a Ford Falcon GTHO? Where have all the bachelors gone? — where are the guys in their black silk shirts and SansaBelt Xylene BreatheWeave leisure pants, laughing at life and taking the piss out of the speed limit in a V8 beast whose miles per gallon can be measured in soccer scores?

The Ad People now want families, couples and commitment. And so much so that one company uses a family of inflatable Swedish reindeer to flog a van. Another Jap car maker uses a family with a puppet for a kid who sits in the child-restraint and screams, "I wanna know who's responsible?" Indeed. And so does the Modern Man.

The only single guy we can find in the present run of car ads is that bloke in a Mercedes — a car that is apparently the most advanced vehicle ever. It may be the best car ever, but the Modern Man wouldn't fork out a quarter of a million dollars for an anonymous donkey-bus that handles like a piece of soap on a wet tile floor and then doesn't make his girlfriend look any better anyway.

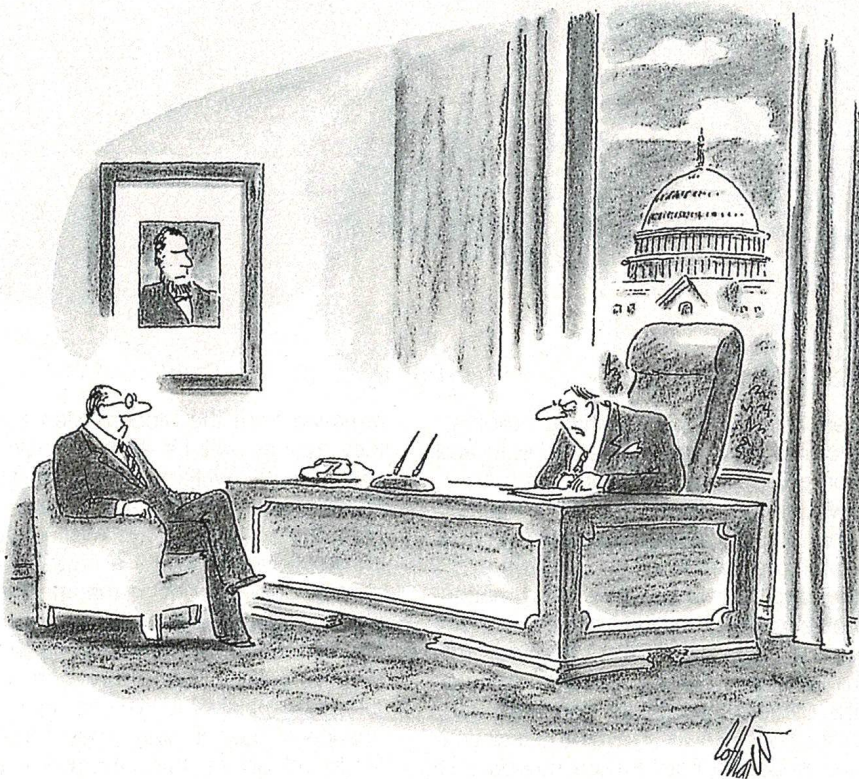
And why is it that only white,

Anglo-Saxon people drive cars in Ad Land? Advertising copywriters obviously don't live in Sydney or Melbourne or they'd have realised that the only drivers on the roads are the Greeks and Italians. And if you think that's not true, just ask one of them the next time he throws his Torana SLR 5000 across five lanes of rush hour traffic to scream abuse at a bloke who looked at his sister the wrong way.

Once these adverts whittle the car-driving public down to a nice WASP couple, then they go for the most alien concept of all — they make this couple *sensible*. And maybe they are ... in Ad Land. But try telling that to Gillian Geelong when she stops her Volvo with Vic plates in the middle of the Cahill expressway at eight in the morning and bitches with her husband about what lane she wants to be in. Try selling the sensible line to Mandy Mosman who can't work the clutch in her Suzuki Vitara and raves to her bored boyfriend about Chinese star signs while changing the tape and lighting a menthol cigarette as she makes a U-turn on Parramatta road at sunset.

The advertising horse shit is endless. The Jap off-roader is pictured being thrashed through the Australian outback when everyone knows that modern four-wheel drives are as likely to go bush as a sports watch is likely to get wet. The condescending Holden service manager who joshes with a customer when everyone knows the poor woman on the other end is screaming that she's been waiting three weeks for a muffler replacement. And of course, the luxury \$110,000 Lexus ... with not a Toyota badge in sight.

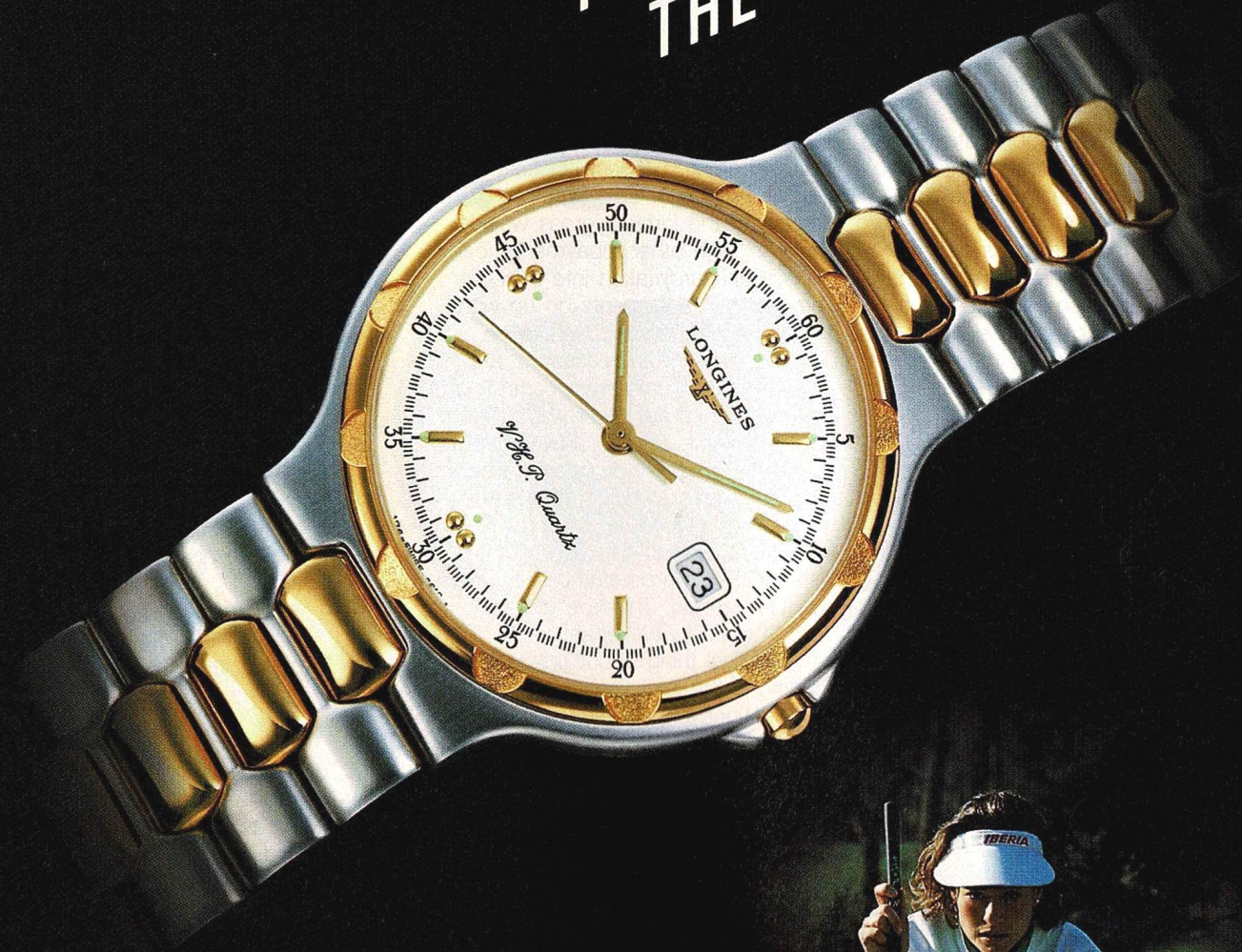
Is it any wonder that blokes are going retro and buying older cars? The message is simple — the contemporary bloke just wants a car that goes like the wind, doesn't make any social statement and will take a golf bag, trundler and saddle in the boot without having to fold a back seat down. Preeze consider. — Mark Abernethy



"As my speech writer, I wish you'd choose my words more carefully."

LONGINES®

TIMES
THE WINNER



Xonia Wunsch
Xonia Wunsch

In steel and goldplated. Water-resistant. Sapphire crystal. Available in a rich choice of models and metals.

Winning calls for many qualities, not least shrewd judgement. So does choosing a watch. Which is why so many winners choose Longines.

Combining elegance with super-accuracy, the new outstanding Longines Conquest VHP

Distributed by SMH Australia Ltd.
47 Wellington Street
Windsor, Victoria 3181
Telephone (03) 510 5301

(Very High Precision) is probably the most advanced watch in the world. A watch made for winners, in every field.

LONGINES®

Longines times winners — winners choose Longines

SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY

Joint ventures for owning your own home

Boy, am I dumb. Here I am still paying rent. While all those years of asset appreciation have turned many humble home owners into millionaires, I'm still getting knocked back on \$5000 loans.

But it's not that that bugs me. It's that all those years of switching money hither, thither and yon trying to get a decent swag have been unnecessary.

Because today most state governments have set up cheap-loan schemes for "low and moderate" income earners to buy houses. For the deposit you need only empty your pockets and maybe top up with some loose change. Oh, you'll need about two-and-half grand for stamp duty, valuation fees, legals and so on but after that it's all plain sailing, sort of.

It often helps if you're poor-ish, especially at the time of applying for the loan. For instance, West Australia's Homeswest has a new Start-a-Home scheme where you buy the home with Homeswest as a joint-venture partner. It lends you as much of the share of the house price you can afford to pay back and it buys the rest. You pay rent for the portion of the home you don't own but, from my calculations, this rent is about two-thirds of normal commercial rent.

This is available to, say, a one-child, single income family earning less than \$506 a week before tax. Like most state schemes, Homeswest sets the repayment schedule at no more than 25 percent of the family's gross weekly earnings, with other repayments (car loans, Bankcard) taken into account. The monthly repayments go up with inflation, which is supposed to be covered by wage increases (ha ha).

Along with Homeswest becoming a co-owner there are other ways it can help. There's a \$5000 (\$8500 if you buy in the North-West) interest-free, up to 30-year loan to help you pay the deposit on your home. If you're really down, Homeswest can even chip in with \$1500 towards stamp duty, legals, agent's fees etc. This is a gift and doesn't need to be repaid.

The novel thing about this WA scheme is the joint venture approach. As co-owner, Homeswest will buy at least 20 percent and no more than 70 percent of the property. So, if you want to buy an expensive property, you can, but Homeswest will own more of it. You pay "rent" on its share and you maintain the property. In return, Homeswest waives its right of occupation — a public servant won't move into the lounge room.

Every so often, when you back a 50/1 winner, you can buy a further 10-percent or more share in your home from Homeswest at market value, but you must use Homeswest finance if you haven't got the full freight.

South Australia has a different, but still novel, approach. Its Homestart programme doesn't take any equity in your house but uses a tricked-up, low-

"A public servant won't move into the lounge room..."

start loan scheme based on a split interest rate. Firstly it works out the monthly repayment by the 25 percent of assessed gross household income method. Once the loan is made the outstanding balance is increased each month by the CPI (the first element of interest) and then a "real rate of interest" is charged against that increased balance.

This method should, in theory and in practice, keep your total interest well in line with market rates. And, if Homestart runs its business well and doesn't fall for any SA Inc crap, the interest rate thus obtained should, over time, be near the cheap end of the market because of the security of residential mortgages.

Queensland, NSW and Victoria all have more conventional schemes, some with income limits and some not.

Of course there are drawbacks, like waiting lists. In WA it's four or five years.

There's one other thing. Prices are much cheaper, by as much as half, in the West or South Australia than in Sydney and Melbourne.

So if you're looking for a house and don't mind signing up for a million-year mortgage, you could try looking in places other than where everyone and their dog wants to live. — *David Quicksilver*



Illustration by Roger Griffin

The inside story.

Something happened in the year 1904 that turned a small hat factory on its head. A young man called Stephen Keir started working for Benjamin Dunkerley.

You're probably asking who is Stephen Keir. We'll come to that in a minute.

Benjamin Dunkerley, his wife Harriet and daughter Ada ran a hat making business in Sydney. Benjamin was a technician who had an eye for a good product and Stephen Keir had an eye for his daughter. Following his marriage to Ada, Stephen was promoted to General Manager. In 1918 when Benjamin died Stephen steered the Company on to greater things; moving the factory to larger premises, increasing the production and branding the hats 'Akubra'.

This great part of our Australian history was now taking shape.

Large contracts were won for the supply of Slouch hats during both World Wars and in the more peaceful times of the early 50's Akubra obtained the prized licensed manufacturing agreement from Stetson of America.

One thing is for certain the quality will remain.

From a tradition like this with real endeavour and the true dedication of everyone involved at Akubra, it's no wonder we are renowned for very fine hats worldwide.

Naturally, it's Australia's most famous hat, just ask any

Akubra owner and they

are sure to have their own story to tell.

Akubra hats available from leading department stores, hat shops and saddleries nationwide.

Stephen Keir I died in 1957, his sons including Stephen Keir II proudly continued the business.

Today the name goes on with Stephen Keir III at the helm and yes, his son Stephen, like all those before him is learning the trade of felt hat making, from the factory floor up. Who knows what new heights he'll reach and what new hats will take shape to join the long list of favourites such as, 'The Down Under' and the 'Snowy River'.



AKUBRA
The authentic quality hat

MAKE MY DAY

Handgun marksmen shoot from the hip

Consider this. You're stalking through an old warehouse in search of international terrorists. Your laser-sight pistol is at the ready. The room is dark. The only thing you can see is your thin red laser beam cutting a swathe through the black

"There's nothing like being in control of a handgun — moving fast and shooting faster..."

smoke left by the stun grenades. You're scared. Suddenly through the haze you see a terrorist move to your right. You drop to a crouch. Another terrorist appears behind him — both have guns aimed at you. You aim your weapon. Then you see there is a young female hostage in front of your enemies. Do you shoot? Will you hit the bad guys — or her?

This will probably never happen to you, but for members of the International Practical Shooting Confederation (IPSC), it's all part of the challenge known as practical shooting.

Practical shooting expands on the principles of target shooting and together with speed and accuracy, introduces movement through a variety of constructed scenarios.

The problems competitors face — sometimes numbering 20 per event — are designed to represent situations that may require the use of a firearm. It can be as simple as holding a breakfast tray in both hands — as if delivering room service — before dropping to shoot.

It could see you sitting at a card table as if playing a few hands of draw poker in the wild west before putting to rest a charge of cheating by an imaginary opponent, represented by a cardboard square.

Or better still, it includes crawling through tunnels, running up staircases,

across platforms, around barricades or busting down doors to get to an array of sometimes elusive targets that swing, rotate, flip over and move from side to side.

You may get the idea that IPSC is what the cops play on weekends to hone their skills, but it's actually an international sport that thousands of people from different walks of life participate in.

Events worldwide see Aussie shooters travelling the globe to compete. While on the reciprocal, practical shooting is doing its bit to get some top-gun tourists Down Under.

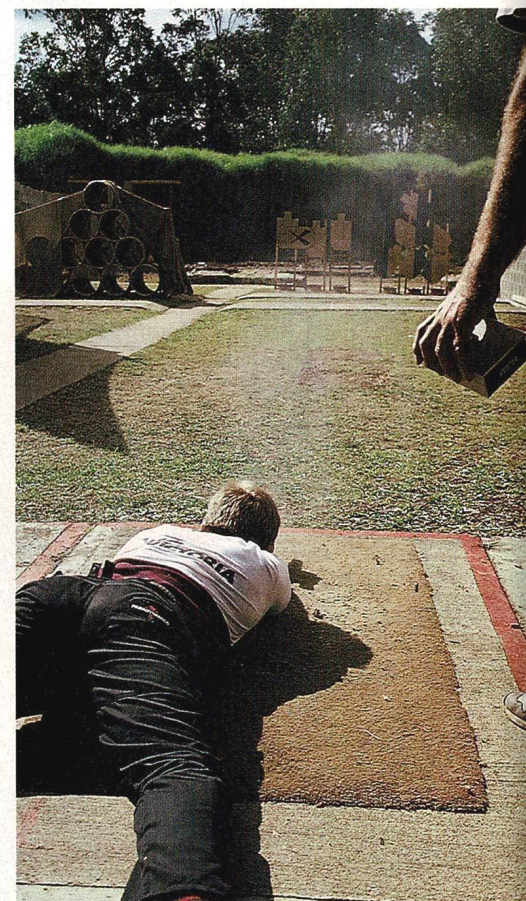
Australian Champion Ken Carter manages the family engineering business and has had a love affair with the sport for sometime.

"I used to race motorbikes competitively, but shooting IPSC gives you twice the adrenalin rush. I always train for speed, trying to go faster than I can physically shoot. When I miss, I try to work out why and correct it using the same pace."

Queensland's Ed Danko likewise summed it up with, "Winning isn't everything but speed is definitely the key. There's nothing quite like being in control of a handgun — moving fast and shooting faster."

Hardware for the event is typified by custom pistols in calibres from 9mm to the power-packed .45 calibre. The more rounds the magazine holds the better, and red-dot laser-sight scopes make the job of rapid target acquisition a little easier. Leather waist belts sport a holster for hip-drawing and a half dozen or more pouches hold the spare magazines.

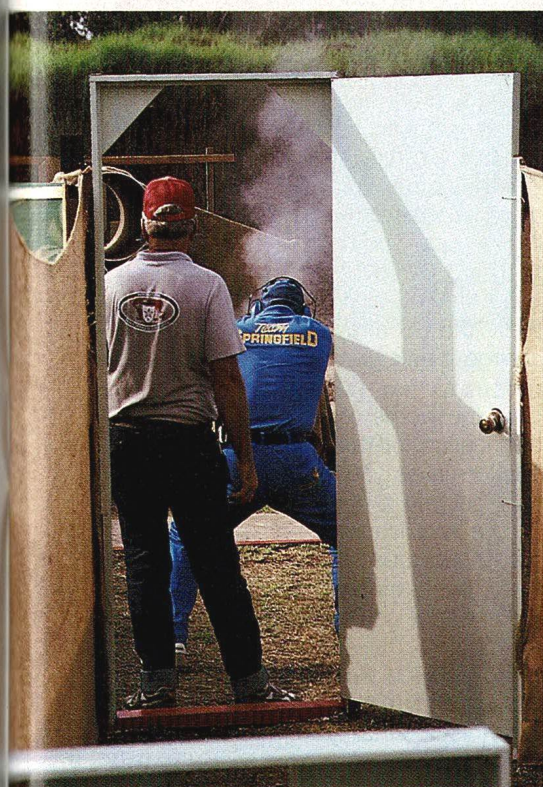
Ken Paddison, designer of several of the scenarios at the 1992 National Championships, says the challenge should be mental rather than too physical. "It has to test their ability to



think. There has to be a reasonable amount of movement, but you have to keep away from making it too athletic. You're testing the ability of someone to shoot rather than win a marathon."

On the technical side of things, a competition generally sees shooters facing problems that require them to fire from the standing, kneeling and

Photos by Joseph Allibeury



prone positions; reloading mid-stride and firing with both hands together and then individually with their strong and weak hands.

Targets are basic cardboard silhouettes with score zones marked by grooves pushed into the surface rather than printed areas which makes it impossible to see where you're aiming at any distance over a few metres.

To add to the realism, "no-shoot" hostage targets — marked with a cross — are introduced between the regular scoring targets. What's more, solid black areas painted on others indicate an impenetrable object in front of the enemy. Hitting a solid black area is scored as a miss. But hitting a no-shoot, or hostage, incurs substantial penalty points.

Once underway, the courses are shot freestyle and shooters may adopt any stance they wish when firing. The idea is to make the marksmen think about how best to tackle a situation.

Scoring is based on both speed

and accuracy. Each problem is timed by a device that records the start and then the interval of each shot.

The number of points scored from target hits, divided by the number of seconds from the start until the last shot is fired, becomes the shooter's hit factor and the basis for overall judging.

On the safety side of things, the courses are constructed on regular shooting ranges and strict attention is paid to making sure firearms always face the right direction. All people involved, whether shooter or spectator, must also wear ear plugs and safety glasses.

Once a course is in progress, competitors are relentlessly pursued through the courses by qualified range officers who adjudicate any

problems that may arise and also look after the scoring and time keeping.

The slightest transgression of the high safety standards means the shooter can be disqualified from the whole event.

To participate, first of all you need to know how to shoot.

Then there is a course that all IPSC shooters undergo to teach them the rules and regulations of the sport, plus procedures such as how to draw a gun safely.

Practical shooting isn't exactly cheap either. Ear muffs and glasses are requisite and so is something to shoot with. For a basic handgun, you can expect to pay in the vicinity of \$1000 and fully kitted and customised brands like Colt, Tanfoglio, Para Ordnance and Springfield Armory are worth in excess of five grand.

But considering the alternatives available for high-speed, teeth-gritting action sports, the money isn't that much to pay in the endless pursuit of adrenalin. — Joseph Allibeury

A DAY'S RATIONS

Dining out with the soldiers of the world

Say you had to join an army, any army in the world. What would be your first choice? If you disregard loyalties, your decision would probably centre around the basics, like conditions of service, tenure, and colour of the uniform.

But most people would forget to consider the most basic basic of them all — food. Especially food in the field, or more precisely ration packs. After all, if you have to go out and kill, maim

rat pack is an army chocolate bar (which although "it may develop a white film on the surface, it's still safe to eat."), the British army includes chocolate Rolos.

Naturally the English rat pack has a decidedly pommie feel. Featured is steak and kidney pudd'en, and for "afters" stewed apples with sauce — freeze-dried, of course.

Although the French ration pack doesn't contain escargot and

when it comes to feeding their honourable warriors. Even though they have a fairly standard ration pack which incorporates staples like rice, pickled vegetables, meat, candy and survival crackers; the Japanese advancing troops are serviced by what's best described as a "battle canteen." It's an armored personnel carrier fitted out as a modern kitchen. It follows close behind their vanguard supplying

"The Russians are more austere when it comes to sustaining their troops..."

them with piping-hot, freshly cooked victuals, just like mamasan used to make.

From the country that brought us Triple-A and the DMZ comes the MRE. In typical military parlance the acronym stands for "Meals Ready to Eat"; or as nicknamed by the soldiers of Desert Storm, "Meals Rejected by Ethiopia." The pack contains corned beef hash, omelet and ham, spaghetti with meat sauce and chicken a la king.

It may sound appetising, but according to the American troops of Desert Storm it's far from it. One reservist said of the omelet and ham, "I tried it once. You can't even describe it."

The yank soldiers were so vocal about the low quality of their ration pack, the US army has vowed to change it and give them whatever they want.

In the words of the director of food engineering for the US army, "If a burrito makes you happy, then by God we'll get you a burrito."

The American soldiers vehemently demanded ration packs containing hot dogs, pizza, fried chicken, extra candy bars and, of course, burritos. Only in America.

If Napoleon was right when he said that an army marches on its stomach, then this is certainly food for thought.

— Todd Cole

bouillabaise, it does rate very highly. So high in fact, that during the Gulf War one French ration pack was being swapped for five American packs on the black market. It's little wonder why. Because although the French are constantly updating their field rations, they did include typical French luxuries like pate, biscuits, *tres bon* coffee, cigarettes and, above all, a petite bottle of brandy.

The Russians are a little more austere when it comes to sustaining their troops in the field. They supply their soldiers with varieties of tinned stewed meat and 'galetes' which is a hard dried bread (as opposed to a hard wet bread).

The Japanese are far more civilised

and destroy for the greater good of your country, you may as well have had a nice dinner. So which country has got the best ration pack?

Firstly, let's start with the Australian army. The initial impression is that whoever designed the pack is mildly dyslexic. For example, the pack doesn't contain one sachet of powered pea and ham soup. Instead it contains: "soup, powdered, ham and pea, one of."

Regardless, the Aussie "rat pack" sounds pretty appetising. There's delicacies like baked beans, freeze-dried rice, plus a horde of sundries — chewing gum, muesli bars and "survival" biscuits (you're lucky to survive if you eat them).

Whereas the "treat" in the Australian



Our laughter pierced an atmosphere already rich with the clink of crystal and the scent of French perfume. A toast, we shouted, to the Mountain Range and the vanishing art of conversation.



MOUNT PLEASANT
Mountain Range

Photography by Geoff Howden

Finlay Preece Advertising 5939 APB17702/A

SIMPLY THE BEST

The F1 McLaren supercar is better than all the rest

The McLaren F1, an awesome machine promising to be the best and the most desirable road car of all time, is on the launch pad at a time when the genre is threatening to run out of puff.

Certainly, the mad-eyed scramble for anything with half a pedigree, an evocative badge and heaps of noughts on the price tag, has eased considerably.

There are clear signs that exotics — exciting, exclusive and seductive but increasingly indecent in an era of widespread economic and social pain — are not as bankable as they were in the late 1980s.

While the demand has slowed, the flow of the new supercars continues. These outrageous exotics of today and tomorrow were conceived a few years ago, when conspicuous consumption and ostentatious displays of riches were not considered poor form. Back then, producing a limited-edition supercar with demon performance and a big ticket was widely viewed as a guaranteed ticket to prosperity.

Entrepreneurial car makers first sensed the potential for a mother lode of business opportunity in the late 1980s when the rich and famous began forking out silly money for the Porsche 959 and Ferrari F40, hot performers and limited editions both.

Zuffenhausen and Maranello failed to build a sufficiency of these road blasters to sate demand and, as a consequence, F40s and 959s began changing hands at astonishing prices way in excess of their original ex-factory tickets.

It was obvious that out there was a slough of monied folk, collectors or investors — prepared to happily pay mad money to own a road car of exclusivity and performance and style. It mattered not, apparently, that in many were flaws unforgivable in \$20,000 econoboxes: cramped driving positions, snaggy gear shifts, austere cabins, shocking ergonomics, and even questionable handling at the limit. Common to all, though, were the stratospheric price tags and Donner and Blitzen performance.

Rarely a week went by without an announcement from Europe of a new breath taker: Lamborghini Diablo, Jaguar XJ220, Cizeta, Bugatti,

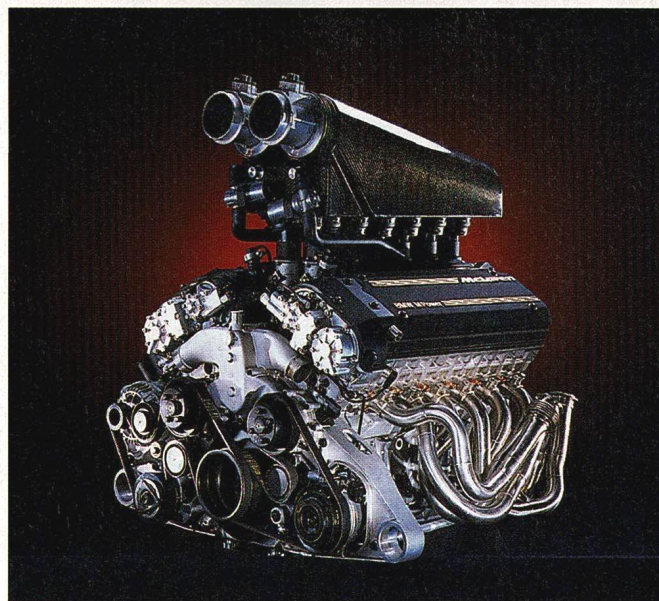


Schuppan-Porsche, Yamaha ... all replete with rakish head-turning styling, obligatory kick-arse performance and a price tag that would make anyone, except the loans manager of the State Bank of SA, gulp and call for smelling salts.

The usual routine is this: glitzy invitation-only announcement of super-doooper, V16-engine Blatmobile. Production of the car, to start in 18 months, not to exceed 200 units, price \$900,000. Spotlight on the prototype (which may or may not be a goer). Mob goes ga-ga and creates unseemly rush to hand over cheques of \$100,000 to secure purchasing contracts which guarantee ownership in a couple of years.

In the fictional situation related above, Mr Car Maker gets the use of \$20 million interest free, which in all probability could be deployed to bankroll the manufacturing plant.

But the recession is now carving into the industry. Collectors and



speculators, either feeling the pinch or concerned by the falling values of supercars, are battling to avoid dumping a fortune on their investments.

Case in point: Ferrari F40s, despite their legendary status and undeniable appeal, are worth \$250,000 less today than a year ago. Also, the clamour for the Jaguar XJ220, a joint venture of Jaguar Cars and Tom Walkinshaw Racing, appears to be easing with many would-be buyers keen to slip out from under the impost of paying about



“There would be little change out of two million to get an F1 on the road...”

one million bucks for a car that may not hold its value.

A queue of enthusiastic souls paid the equivalent of about \$128,000 deposit on the sleek XJ220 in 1989, with these contracts later changing hands for as much as \$507,000. Today, these same purchasing contracts are going for as little as \$50,000.

Part of the problem is economic, but the recent confirmation of the long-awaited supercar project of the world

championship-winning McLaren grand prix team has also bumped the XJ220 from many shopping lists.

Modestly named the McLaren F1, the mid-engined glamourpuss has lived up to all expectations, managing to be revolutionary and daring while defiantly eschewing features considered near obligatory in this day and age.

Gordon Murray, designer of a succession of Formula One Brabhams (back when this team won races) and now the technical director of McLaren Cars Ltd, has firm ideas on the approach of supercar conception.

“We set out to develop the world’s finest driver’s car by applying Formula One technologies to offer grand prix style capability, control and quality throughout.” This approach has been maintained throughout the three-year development period. Radical design features have rendered four-wheel drive, power steering, and even anti-lock braking superfluous. In any case

the design team considered such features undesirable in the interests of efficiency and weight saving. McLaren also wanted to build a car of great driving purity.

The F1 is designed to have the highest power-to-weight ratio of any production road car ever: its sizzling performance may make it the world’s fastest street car.

Its engine is a purpose-built, aluminum four-cam, 48-valve, 6.1 litre V12 punching out in excess of 410 kw (550 bhp-plus) from BMW Motorsport. The mid-engined sporty with a world championship-winning pedigree is the focus of McLaren’s Formula One experience and technology. It incorporates several world firsts — advanced-composites monocoque chassis/body, one-plus-two central driving position, fan-assisted ground-effect aerodynamics, and electronically

Continued on page 144

A N T I - G R A V I T Y



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WATCH ON PHILIPS VIDEO TAPES.

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

Available from Kmart, Woolworths, Harris Scarfe, Radio Rentals South Australia Retail Stores and David Jones.

PHILIPS



FRONT

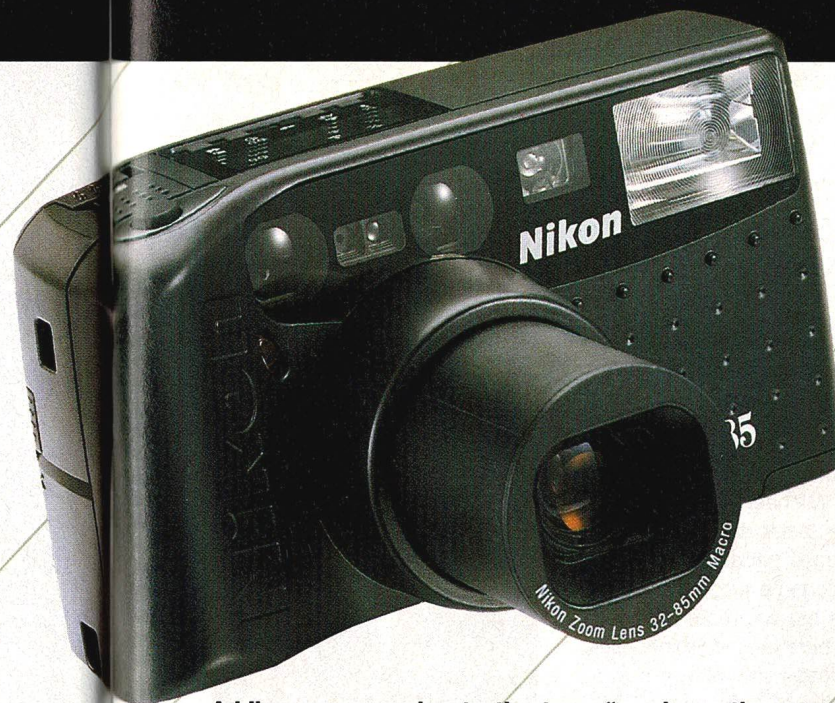
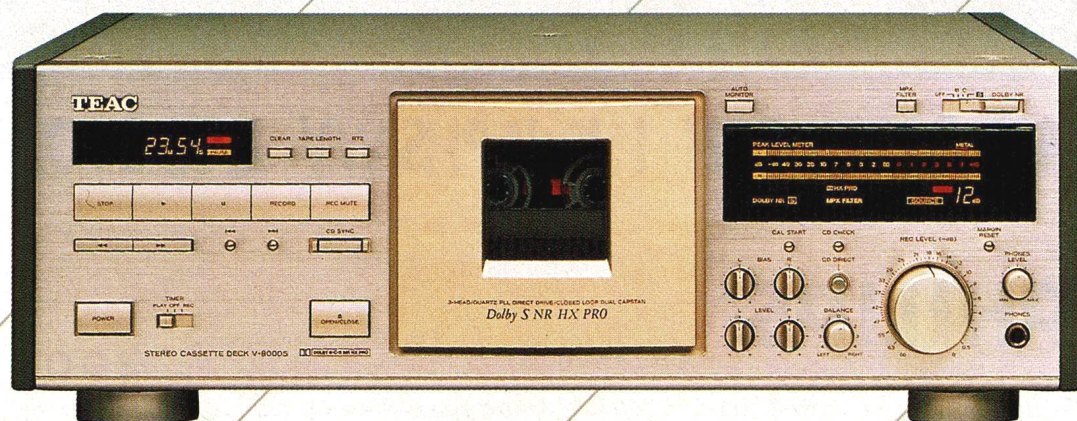


No — a 'palm-corder' isn't what you think. It's Panasonic's new tag for its mini-sized video camcorders which can be used single-handedly (get it?). Despite weighing just 700 grams, the VHS-C format NV-S6 is equipped with some serious movie-making goodies including an 8X zoom, hi-fi stereo sound recording, 1/4000 second shutter and a digital stabiliser which helps to cure the shakes. Also provided is a range of digital special effects which, while not quite in the *Terminator II* league, can help add a bit of pizzazz to home videos. You'll get one for \$2399.



The, um, convenience of Polaroid's instant 'no processing' film is further enhanced by the introduction of the 636 Close-Up camera. Not surprisingly, it's equipped to produce close-up shots on the spot using Polaroid's 600 Plus square-format colour film. The 636 can operate as close as 60cm which, in concert with its 109mm lens, delivers pretty reasonable magnification. A new sophisticated flash system mixes available and artificial light in the exact quantities required to ensure decent exposures, whether shooting inside or in the great outdoors. Operation is entirely automatic (with the exception of an exposure trim control) and price tag is a modest \$64 from Polaroid Australia.

You've heard of Dolby B and C — now meet Dolby S. It's the latest tape noise reduction system from Dolby Laboratories and its main advantage is the ability to work on the lower frequencies as well as the highs. TEAC's first Dolby S tape deck is the V-8000S, a high quality machine dedicated to getting the best out of analog cassettes. Notable features include a tape transport mounted on a special anti-vibration base, a trio of record/play heads, a fully shielded interior (to eliminate any interference) and built-in calibration tones for exact matching with tape type. More details from TEAC Australia.



Just about everything the roving photographer needs is packed into the Nikon TW Zoom 85, starting with its 32-85mm power zoom lens. This mixes true wide-angle capabilities (rare in this class of camera) with a reasonably useful telephoto "reach." Additionally, the Nikon has a built-in panorama facility for creating the wide shots currently trendy in advertising circles. With slow-speed flash sync (for night scenes), continuous film advance (for action sequences) and even auto zooming (for portraits), the TW Zoom 85 has the potential to make a pro of the rankest amateur — and all at the push of a button. The price tag is \$499 from any self-respecting Nikon stockist.

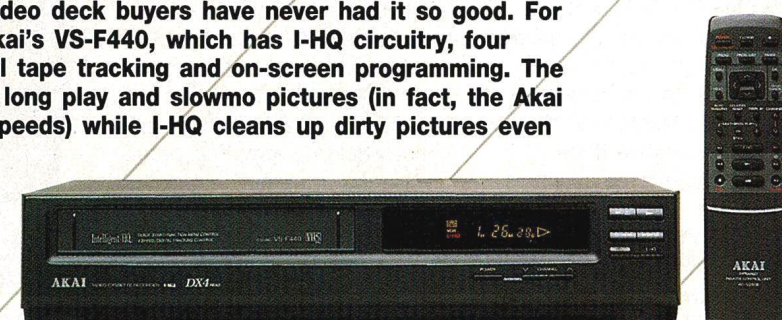
Adding new meaning to the term "music on the move," Philips' cordless compact disc player employs some clever tricks to overcome the problem of static loudspeakers. The AZ6819 CD player actually transmits the music (via an FM carrier signal) to a pair of cordless headphones, so the listener is free to move anywhere within range. A remote controller oversees all key player functions, which include 20-track programming plus repeat, music scan and random play. It's also worth noting that the AZ6819 uses "Bitstream" one-bit signal processing, so it's no slouch in the performance department either. Expect to pay around \$1000 for the system, which includes a stand for the headphones.



A nice little set of loudspeakers from Martin Logan are yours for \$11,995 a pair. The Quests, which stand 180cm tall and weigh 50 kilos each, are a hybrid design employing a curved electrostatic panel and a conventional bass driver to cover a frequency range from 20kHz to below 50Hz. Electrostatic panels are beloved by music enthusiasts for their purity of reproduction and accurate imaging, while the woofer provides a strong bass foundation so the Quests do more than simply look impressive. Around 100 to 200 watts (per channel RMS) power is recommended, and a sensitivity of 90dB ensures the MLs sound BIG too. More info from Kedcorp Pty Ltd.

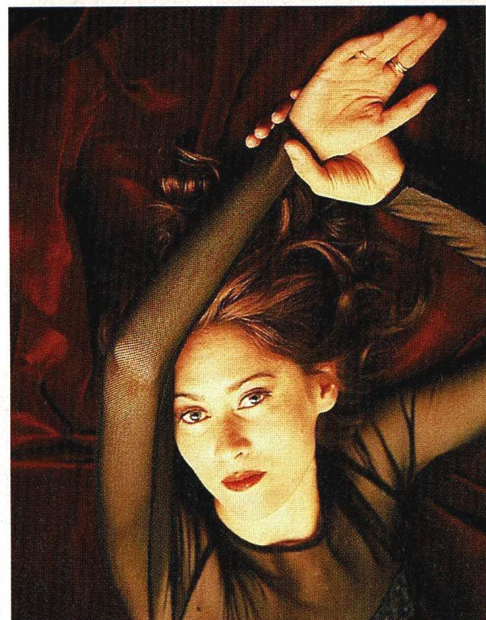


With nearly 70 percent of Australian households home to a VCR (the highest penetration in the world), new video deck buyers have never had it so good. For example, less than \$500 buys Akai's VS-F440, which has I-HQ circuitry, four heads, full remote control, digital tape tracking and on-screen programming. The four heads deliver better quality long play and slowmo pictures (in fact, the Akai offers a choice of 11 playback speeds) while I-HQ cleans up dirty pictures even with worn-out rental tapes. The VS-F440 also has a host of auto functions for convenient operation, which makes it hard to beat for the money.



MIXED COMPANY

New collaborations make for fresh sounds



On stage **Margaret Ulrich** is the show — swaying, gyrating and coaxing her smooth vocals above the solid backing her band lays down. To promote her second disc *Chameleon Dreams* (Sony) the one consistent force is English writer/producer/keyboard player Robyn Smith. This collaboration set the tone for the rest of the release with the initial tracks laid in Sydney — including the lush, medium-paced “Boy In The Moon.” Ulrich was, however, keen to stretch the parameters of her triple platinum (in Australia) debut *Safety In Numbers*. A quest for new collaborators in production and writing led her to London and Los Angeles. In the Old Dart she had Tony Swain (Spandau Ballet, Alison Moyet) at the controls and in LA it was Ian Prince. It is a testament to Ulrich’s growing sense of who she is as a performer and a knowledge of where she wanted to take her style that despite three producers in three countries the album has an emotional range but a stylistic consistency. She kick starts with “(Running in the) Human

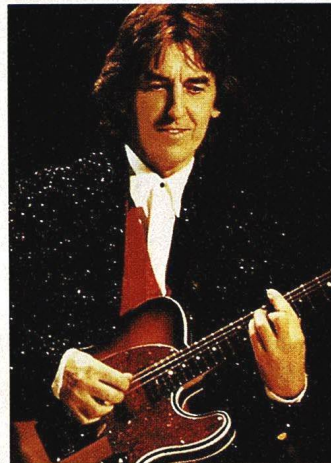
Race”— classic aerobic class tempo complete with onstage jogging. In “Man Overboard” the clavinet style intro is sharp enough to be dangerous but she glides into the cruise, breathy chorus promising “I do my best for you.” Certainly this track epitomises the essence of her best songs — irresistible grooves with gentle melodic

hooks. “Never Be The Same” is as jerky and funky up as the genial nature of her songs will allow, but the only real respite is the languid “Burnt Sienna.” With its touch of the 3am jazz club blues it performs an even more necessary calming function than “God Bless The Child” did on *Numbers*.

Having persevered in scaling the pinnacle of worldwide success and refining their trademark riffs and attitudes for their 1987 smash *Kick*, **INXS** seem to have been straining at the bit to wallow in some stylistic diversity. For their seventh studio album *Welcome To Wherever You Are* (East West) they’ve allowed themselves to stray down numerous musical avenues and in the process have not so much redefined their sound (which they’ve achieved at various stages in their growth) but more the expectations of an “INXS album.” “Heaven Sent” is a full-thrash groove that would do Iggy Pop proud while the symphony orchestra on the sing-song “Baby Don’t Cry” had the lads mindful of the large pop arrangements of 60’s artists like Tom Jones.

There are other big riffs (“All Around”) and smaller moments like the music box opening to “Beautiful Girl.” The lyrics, mainly Michael Hutchence’s domain, exalt desire and sometimes threaten to invoke revelations about the Big Picture but are more often snap shots of uncertainty. Still, this release stands as a catalogue of collective exploration that deserves the success it has already enjoyed — “sweet, sweet, sweet, could you taste it.”

It is no secret that **George Harrison** doesn’t have one of the most compelling voices. In the rap generation, that is usually fixed by major sampling and studio knob twiddling. After a 17-year absence from centre stage however, he throws caution to the wind and last year not only went live but also recorded some of it. The double CD *Live In Japan* (Dark Horse) features 19 tracks that made it onto George’s short list. He is ably aided and abetted by Eric Clapton and his stellar touring band of the time. They make a meal of these songs and, whilst avoiding his more satirised moments of introspection, the discs celebrate the man in fine style.



Andrew Lloyd Webber has copped flack for his mega-scale, lucrative musicals but there is no denying that 20 years ago he and lyricist Tim Rice created a classic in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. A second coming of sorts has been amongst us and *JCS - The Album - 1992 Australian Cast Recording Highlights* (Polydor) is very true to the original. Automated versions of late sixties boogaloo have been the staple of house beats over the last few years and this was an easy transition for the funkier tunes but elsewhere he has breathed some new life whilst staying close to more than just the spirit of the original. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from top: Margaret Ulrich grooves with gentle melodic hooks; George Harrison throws caution to the wind; and INXS Kick off.

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PTA 92/11 F

COME OUT FIGHTING

It's the second round for boxing films

When Hollywood hits on a money-making genre, it'll squeeze the life out of it. Make a science-fiction blockbuster and you'll have aliens replicating in every corner of Tinsel town for months. It's no surprise, then, that following behind the somewhat flat, yet profitable boxing film *The Gladiator* comes yet another testosterone-filled boxing flick.

Diggstown is the story of a former jailbird and first-class con man Gabriel Kane (James Woods). It begins with Kane, just released from jail, making his way to the rural capital of cash fighting.

By way of a badly strung together series of clues, we discover Kane is heading there to take revenge against the town nasty John Gillon (Bruce Dern), the local cigar-smoking fat cat who owns everybody. Kane teams up with front man Fitz, played somewhat stintingly by *Married To The Mob's* Oliver Platt, and enlists the formidable boxing skills of "Honey" Roy Palmer (Lou Gossett Jr.). As the team heads into sleepy hollow they're set for the mother of all boxing matches.

Based on Leonard Wise's successful novel *The Diggstown Ringers*, the film's relentless violence is periodically broken by some light comedy in the form of

Shwarzeneggeresque one-liners ("Let awf zome zteam, scumbag").

To win, Roy must beat ten opponents in 24 hours. No easy feat. The blows come thick and fast but Roy battles on for his old buddy.

Trained by bodybuilder and 1986 Mr Universe Luiz DeFietas, Lou Gossett Jr. is convincing as the boxing champion who is tormented by internal conflict: does he take his new life of freedom, or should he help out his old companion, Kane?

Bruce Dern is reasonable as John Gillon, a man teetering on the edge of insanity; a mover and shaker whose love of gambling and boxing take him right to the edge. But his performance lacks a third dimension. By the end, he comes across as a stereotypical Hollywood bad guy.

The mandatory love interest between Kane and a former-jailmate's sister, Emily (*Drugstore Cowboy's* Heather Graham), is awkwardly shoved at the beginning of the film. So by the time the boxing match to end all boxing matches has begun, the kissing bits have all but petered out.

The last 40 minutes of the film are completely dedicated to the Big Fight. Roy hammers



his iron fists into a variety of opponents of varying competence. The tight camera work (director of photography Gerry Fisher), and the thrill of the fight should be a hit with fight fanatics. And if it's a hit in the box office, there's bound to be a rematch. **1/2

Featuring a lot of action (fortunately no boxing) is Whoopi Goldberg's fresh and sassy return to the silver screen in **Sister Act**.

As Deloris Van Cartier, a down-and-out nightclub singer, Goldberg finds herself the target of mobster boyfriend Vince LaRocca (Harvey Keitel) after she unwittingly witnesses a murder.

Signing up at her handy local witness protection programme, Goldberg ends up cloistered in a convent donning both a habit and the name Sister Mary Clarence.

With an imperious mother superior (Dame Maggie Smith) and three new friends (all nuns called Mary)

Goldberg's character begins an interesting transformation from nightclub duckling to convent songbird, while still managing to avoid some mobsters hell-bent on "taking care" of her.

Co-star Kathy Najimy (Sister Mary Patrick) takes centre-stage for the first time and puts in a side-splitting performance. She and Goldberg previously tuned their comic skills in *Soapdish* where Najimy played the flustered wardrobe.

Mary Wickes' performance as Sister Mary Lazarus is entertaining, but she stumbles with weak dialogue. Dame Maggie Smith's appearance as the militantly religious mother superior is but one of the movie's many casting coups.

Production company Touchstone Pictures invited 300 bona-fide nuns to the *Sister Acts* premiere in The Big Apple where, "Oh God!" was frequently uttered. One television writer claimed a nun was laughing so hard she said, "I think I'm going to throw up."

This may well be your reaction if you're not a confirmed Whoopi fan. But if you don't mind the flouncing gravel-voiced star, then *Sister Act* is a divine comedy that's well worth a look. *** — Ford Buchanan



Above: Lou Gossett Jr. takes a break from the 24-hour bout in *Diggstown*. Right: Whoopi Goldberg causing comic mayhem in the divine comedy *Sister Act*.

JIM BEAM



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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Come quickly

I am a 21-year-old male and I am having trouble satisfying my girlfriend. My problem is that when having sex, I always come long before my girlfriend reaches orgasm. It's starting to become a big problem because I really enjoy sex and want it whenever possible, but because my girlfriend doesn't feel satisfied when we have sex, she never wants to have it. Could you please tell me some techniques for delaying my orgasm and perhaps recommend some books I could read on the subject.

What's happening here? Is the problem that you prematurely ejaculate, or is it that your girlfriend isn't aroused by either you or sex in general? You say that you don't satisfy your lover so she doesn't want to have sex with you. You could start at the beginning and ask her what she wants from you and what she wants you to change. Some people in sexual relationships can go for years wanting things to change but they never have the confidence to ask for it or demand it — they expect their partner to be a mind reader. It sounds like you're taking all the blame for a problem that may be as much her fault as it is yours. If she's gone off sex with you on the basis that you don't satisfy her, then your anxiety about performance and delaying ejaculation may have become part of the whole problem. Why not find out what she really likes and give it to her?

If she starts to enjoy sex more, then she'll be less judgmental, you'll be less anxious and maybe you'll be able to delay your orgasms long enough to make things fun for both of you. But the first step is to communicate.



Blowing up

I am a young man of 19 and I haven't yet had an experience with a girl so that leaves me to masturbation. I was wondering if it is a good idea to get a sex doll to practice with, so I can keep good control and rhythm when I get my first girl. Could you please advise which are the better dolls, or are they just something used at Bucks' parties? Do men use sex dolls instead of masturbation and how much are they to buy?

Your first question about getting a sex doll to practise with is an interesting one. Any honest bloke will tell you that the first time with a woman is something of a disaster, whether you've practised with your hand or, in your case, a doll. Thinking you can relate sexually to another human being because you can relate to a blow-up doll is about as sensible as saying you're ready for war because you've practised with your GI Joe.

As for the best dolls, that's a matter for your personal taste. They come in different shapes, colours and sizes, and obviously, prices.

And do people use dolls instead of masturbating? That sounds like a reasonable assumption, yes.

Huge problem

My problem relates to penis size. You might not think it's a problem but it has been worrying me so much lately that I just have to talk to someone about it. When my cock is fully erect it measures nine inches and is thicker than your average cock. Having a big cock can have its drawbacks as well as its benefits, for example, not many girls like having a weapon that large stuck down their throat as well as being inserted into other places. My problem is that after I've come or just lying in bed before sex, my cock only measures a mere 2.5cm — sometimes smaller. To me this is an embarrassment because if you've just met a

girl and you're in the shower or bed with her she thinks, "this guy's got no dick". Later on they learn different. Is it normal for a cock to go from one extreme to another or am I worried about nothing? Sometimes I just wish for a normal size cock (both erect and flaccid).

The majority of men want a "normal" penis, but the biological fact of the matter is that every man has a different set of cock measurements. This means length, girth, head size, head colour, hardness, and "hang". The fact that you have a small one when limp and a big one when erect seems so normal and expected that it's difficult to see what the actual problem is. But if your penis dimensions happened in reverse ... now that would be a problem!

Line block

In the interests of safe sex my girlfriend and I have decided to make use of condoms. The only problem is that after sex I find it hard to urinate. Is there some weird chemical reaction taking place between the semen, my penis and the rubber?

The condom in this story sounds like a red herring. Whether you use a condom

or not, most men find it difficult and mildly painful to urinate after sex. This is not taught to boys in high school but the consensus seems to be that after ejaculating there remains a residual amount of semen in the urethra that the urine must force its way through. There are also urethra infections that can often be cured with a course of antibiotics. But if in doubt, see a doctor.

Fast Eddie

Unlike the problem outlined by your reader in August's edition who had difficulty in coming, I am one of those unfortunate 20 percent of men who have the opposite problem of premature ejaculation.

I am in my late 20's and have had a sporadic sex life with quite a number of partners and in the lean times have engaged in daily masturbation.

The problem only occurs during penetration, especially in the missionary position, as I could last all night through oral sex or foreplay. I have tried using an anaesthetic cream called Xylocame to deaden the sensation but to no avail, and have tried everything from doing complex additions in my head to bearing down on my bowel muscle with a similar lack of result. Is it all psychological or are there particular exercises or methods which can enhance and prolong the experience? I have heard of a method related to clenching and pushing the sphincter and bowel muscles which supposedly increases control. Does this work?

Well, what can we say. You seem to have tried a number of methods to solve your problem which is admirable, since most men with your condition just sit back and complain about it. The origins of premature ejaculation are generally psychological but every man is a different case. The best thing you can do is consult a medical professional and see what can be done. Some people try meditation or hypnosis. In your case, you say your problem is at its worse in the missionary position, so why not try other positions and see how long you can hold out. As for this pushing on the sphincter and bowel muscles, the best way to know if it

works is to try it yourself.

Bed wear

I am a 21-year-old man and would like to know if there is any medical reason for not wearing undies to bed. My girlfriend doesn't wear undies to bed because it makes her feel so free and horny. But I seriously would like to know if it is safe for a male to do so. Testicles are meant to hang freely, so if they are restricted to hang by wearing underpants that are too tight, are there any potential problems? My girlfriend and I have sex often but only when we come home from Uni and find that no one is home. We would like to know a technique to perform/apply to my penis when I am about to come, so that I will not ejaculate. Simply holding it tight doesn't work. My girlfriend heard from a friend that this can be done but doesn't know exactly how to do it. She experiments by masturbating me, not that I mind.

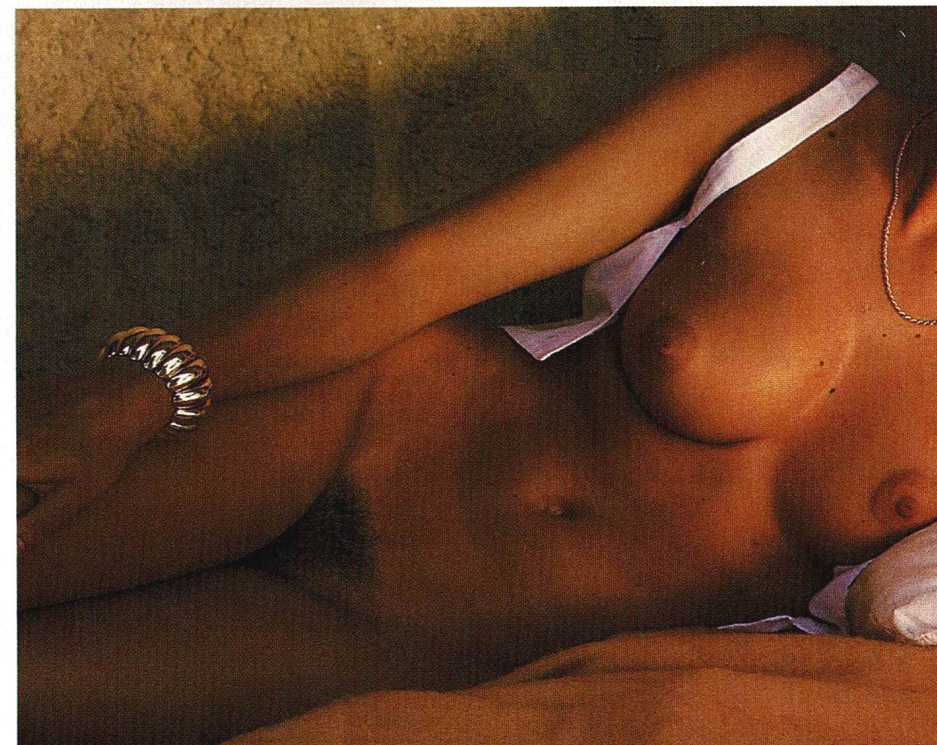
What you wear to bed is a personal thing and the only rule is to do whatever makes you comfortable. Some people never consider getting into a bed unless they're naked while others like to wear clothes. If it's really a problem, then

ask yourself this: "Why do I wear undies in bed when my girlfriend is naked?" The only medical reason for not wearing undies in bed would be something to do with testicular cancer, but this is something to discuss with your doctor rather than a magazine. As for stopping or delaying ejaculation, try getting your girlfriend to pinch the tip of your cock as you're about to come. It doesn't work for every bloke but give it a go and find out.

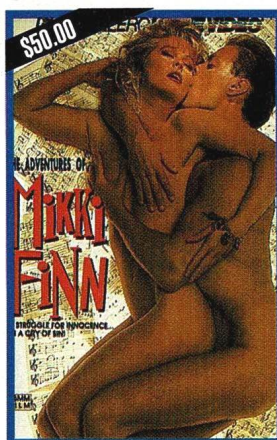
Big rubbers

I have a problem that I hope you can help me with. Every condom I have ever had in Australia is the same size. I am searching for larger sizes and have heard they are available in the United States. Could you tell me if they're available and how I can buy them.

From what we can gather, there are two sizes of condom the world over. The larger size is sold in the European markets that include North America, South America, Australia, New Zealand etc. The slightly smaller size is sold more widely in Asian countries. If you want a size larger than the one available, try ringing a sex supply shop — they're most likely to know.



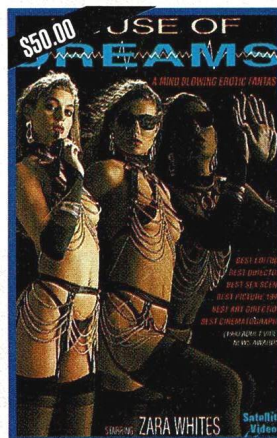
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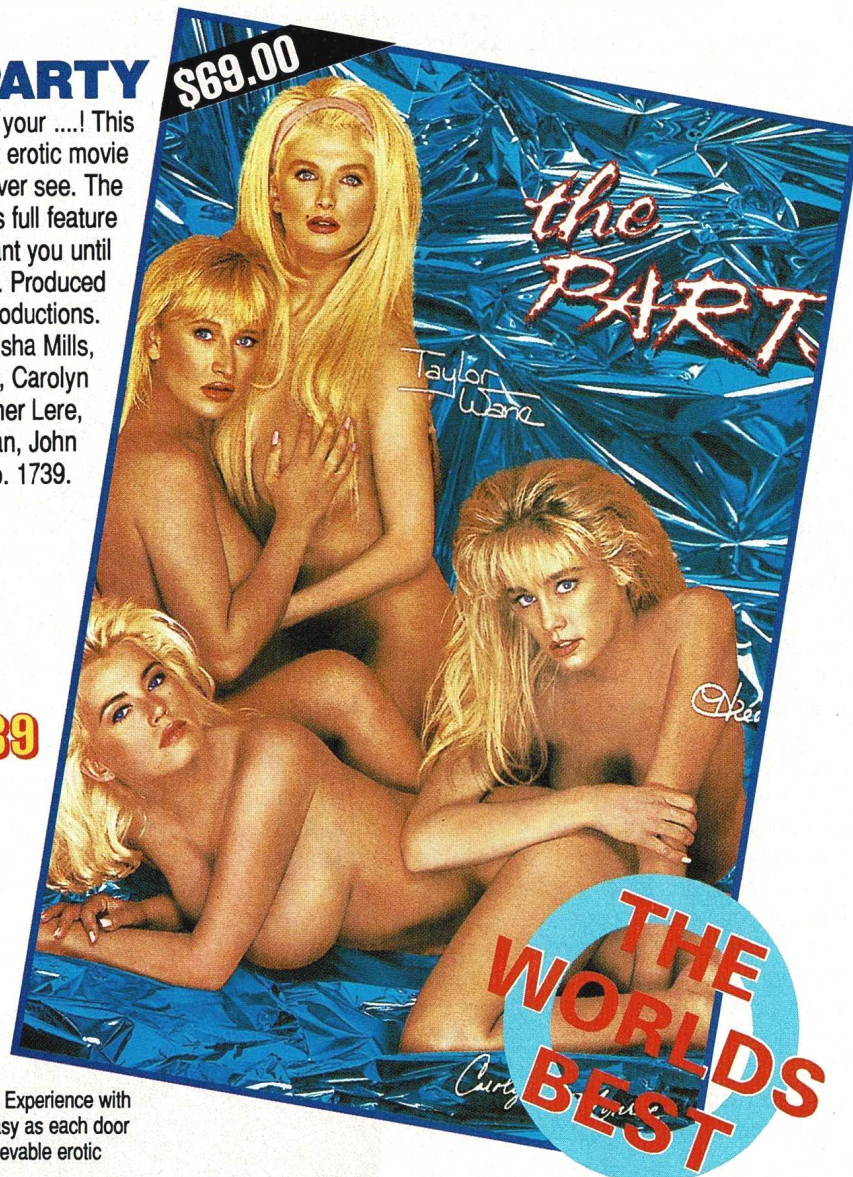
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**rough
rider**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Samantha Lakes doesn't dress like a bikie during the week. "I like to wear smart suits and silk scarves," she says. "I work in a broker's office, where a girl's got to look good."



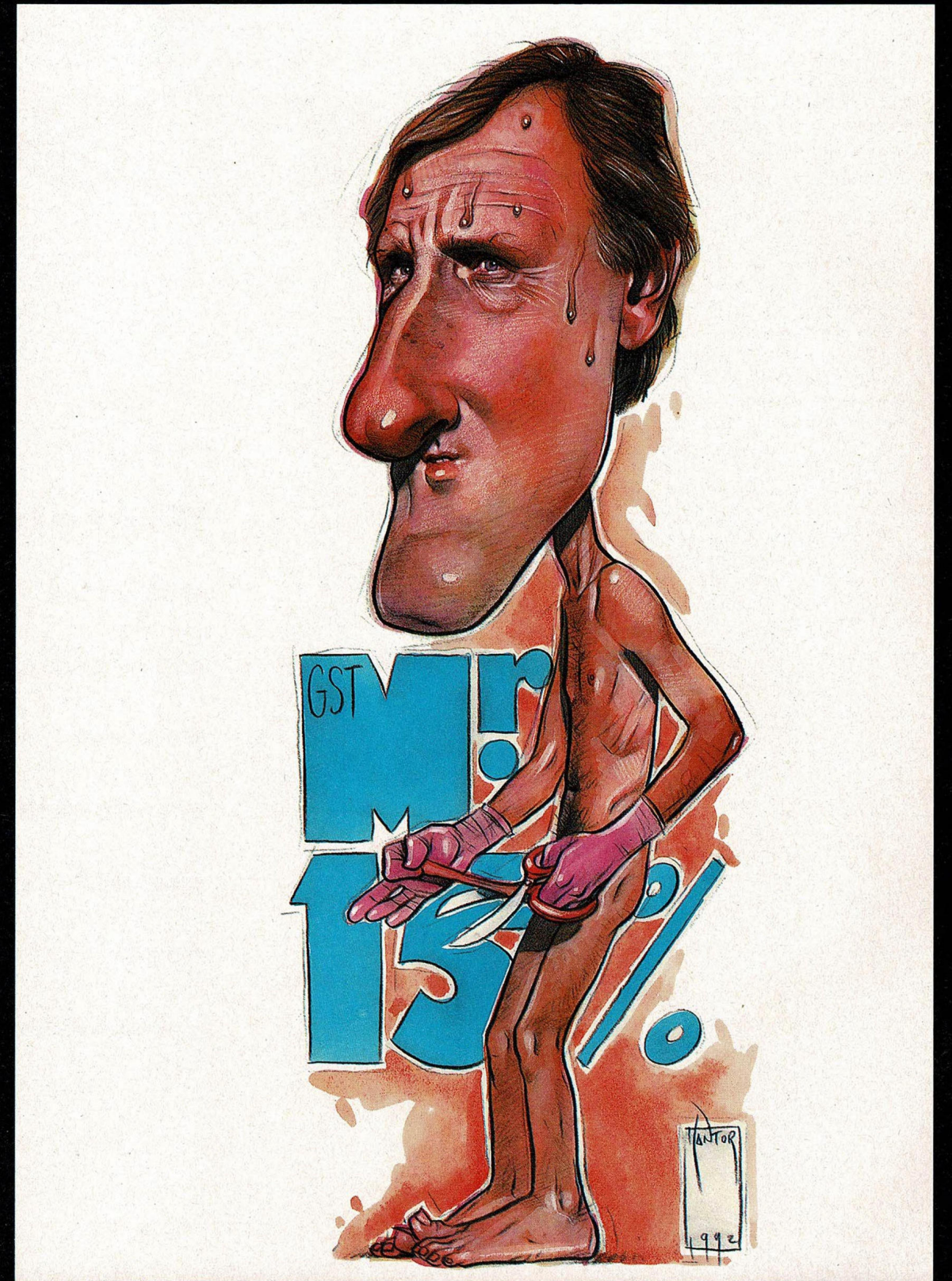


At weekends, however, it's off with the city clothes and on with the leather, as 20-year-old Samantha rides the highways with a motorcycle club. Freedom-loving Sam likes nothing better than a long run down the coast with her arms wrapped around the waist of a "real man." "I couldn't go out with a bloke without a bike," she says. "It would be like they had a piece missing." The most important piece? "Well, not quite ..."





KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

John Hewson

BY MARK ABERNETHY

muscle drugs

When Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson crossed the line in the 1988 Olympic 100m final he was a hero.

The shy, stammering Jamaican had not only run the world's fastest 100m in 9.79 seconds, he had risen above the position of bridesmaid to Carl Lewis that had plagued him for so long.

The underdog had won gold. The Porsche-driving athlete with a chip on his shoulder and vengeance in his heart had beaten his nemesis and the world. He was The Champ.

Twelve hours later, Ben Johnson was a cheat; a yellow-eyed, overly muscled shonk with bad skin who blamed everything on his coach and team doctor.

He lost his gold medal and any other title he had won in the previous six years. He was vilified in Canada. He was banned from competition, but some Canadian officials wanted him out for life. Even the nemesis, the arrogant, taunting rich boy Carl Lewis, gave more than his tuppence worth with

**Steroid
abuse is
spreading
from the
sports-
ground to
the play-
ground**

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



muscle

a comment that Johnson's drug use was not only well-known but was also the only way the stocky sprinter could win.

In the hysteria surrounding Johnson's shame, the nature of the strange looking man's offence became confused. Officials and media became obsessed with terminologies that bewildered people as much as enlightened them. Words like "steroids", "stanozolol" and "anabolic" became the verbal currency of the day. The inference made, as Johnson fell from grace like a shooting star, was that he had taken some magical success potion that made his victory inevitable — that he was the lone Bad Guy in a competition as pure as the driven snow.

But the facts are simpler. Ben Johnson was taking a synthetic derivative of the male hormone testosterone, and he was a small part of the massive sports-drug culture that was already rampant at the Seoul Olympics. He was the 39th Olympic athlete to be caught as a drug cheat.

Right-thinking Australians looked on aghast at the steroid circus unfolding on their television sets, but few would have known that the problem of drugs in sport was already a growth industry

in their own country, and that steroids were becoming so popular among Australians that they were being sold in high schools.

Australians were watching the re-introduction of an issue that had previously been seen as a "Communist" problem.

When Johnson got caught and labelled a "drug-cheat", steroids came out of the Eastern Bloc closet and into the TV sets of God-fearing Australians. It was suddenly a Canadian problem, an Olympic problem and a sporting problem. But was it an Australian problem?

In the four years following Johnson's disgrace, that last question has been answered with a resounding "yes." A standing senate committee inquiry into drug use in sport reported its findings in 1990.

The inquiry was so concerned with what it discovered that it called for the establishment of the Australian Sports Drugs Agency. The Agency (ASDA) was charged with drug testing elite sports people, and sports-drug education among sporting organisations and schools. The agency was given the budget of one million dollars a year to perform 2000 drug tests — half on athletes in training and half at sporting competitions. ASDA now tests government-funded athletes and

contracts its services to the AFL, NSWRL, NBL, QRL and the SAFL.

ASDA says it is winning the battle against drugs in Australian sport. In the two years of random drug tests on both athletes in training and in competition, ASDA have already seen a halving of the positive urine tests returned. In the six months to July 1992, 280 Australian Olympians were tested — all of them returned negative tests.

But ASDA chief executive Steve Haynes says while a drug testing regime on elite athletes is successful, and supported by most athletes, the new steroid threat in Australia is already huge and likely to get bigger. That problem, he says, is the social and cosmetic use of steroids that is fueled through gymnasiums and "unscrupulous" doctors and chemists.

"We have only scratched the surface of this huge problem. It has the potential to become a problem in the same way opiates have. But if we want to control steroid abuse we have to avoid the mistakes we made controlling opiates.

"There is no future in trying to cut off supply, because it doesn't work. We should be looking at education programmes. It may be that we allow people to buy steroids, but we help make it safe for them to use them.

"But the health problems of the social steroid user may not be solved by allowing doctors to prescribe for them and supervise the patient. If a doctor prescribes 50mg but Mr Universe uses 500mg, then the bodybuilders will use 500mg. How does any organisation solve that? It's a social problem."

The dangers of steroid use are not confined to the side effects that include enlarged clitorises, shrivelled testicles, psychological disorders, heart disease, acne and low sperm production. Haynes says the growing number of social steroid users have established yet another avenue for the transference of AIDS.

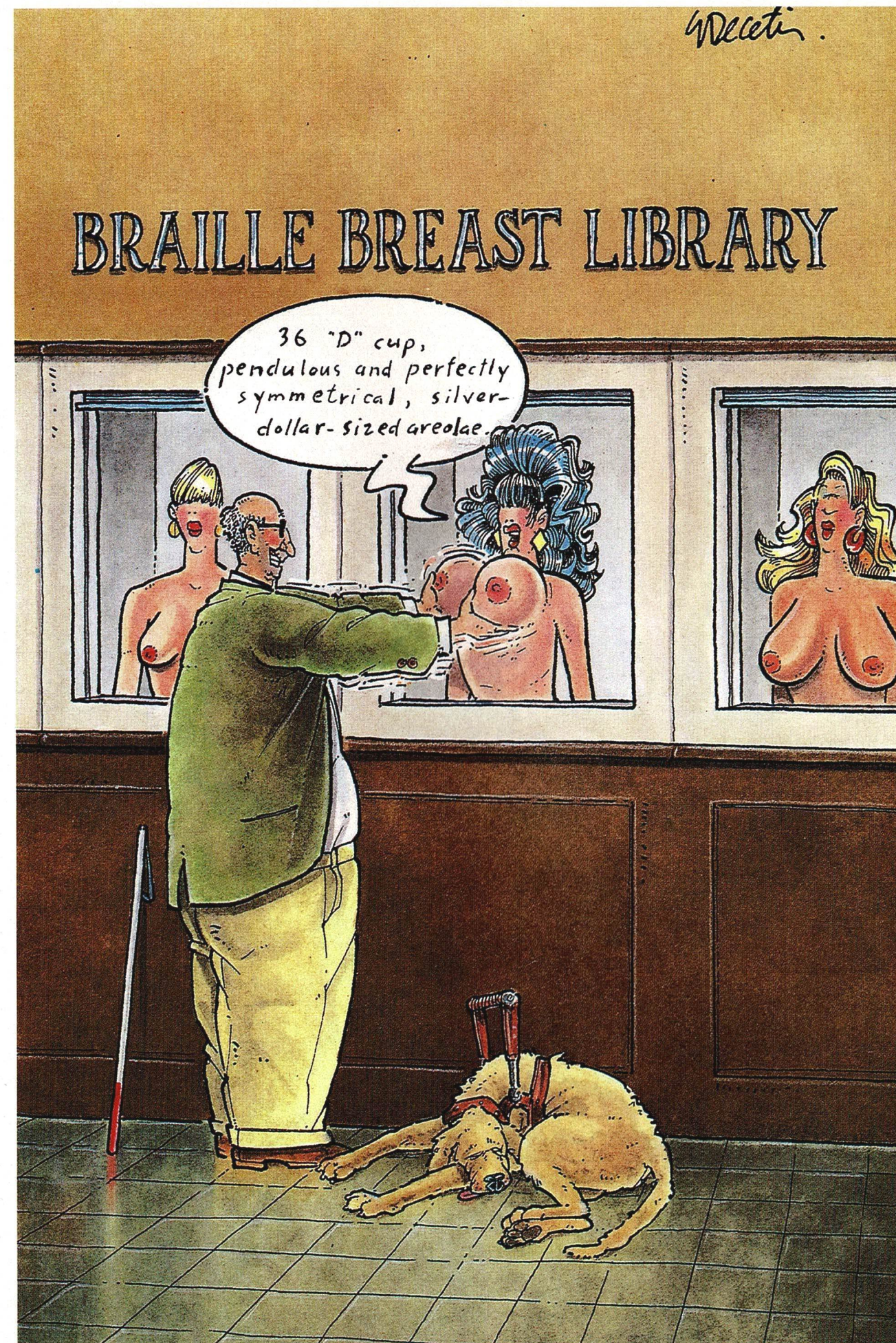
The evidence for a potentially massive steroid problem in Australia came via the Senate Committee's report on drugs in sport. The report had called for steroids to be made prohibited imports because of the amount of the muscle drugs flooding into Australia with few controls. The import prohibition, which also effected Human Growth Hormone, came into effect in early 1991.

From the start of that import prohibition to July 1992, the Australian Customs Service made 53 seizures consisting of 100kg of steroids and HGH worth in excess of 2.5 million dollars.

Customs' national investigations manager John Hawkesworth says the 100kg seized represented about 15 percent of what was actually coming into the country. But that is still not the



"Very well Sniggs... I want you to write out one hundred times, I must not take photocopies of Miss Quimson's bottom."



muscle

whole story. Hawkesworth says steroids are now also being sourced by the diverting of legal supplies to veterinary surgeons and chemists. The total illicit steroid usage in Australia has the potential to be huge.

Wanting to know more about the illicit steroid trade and the drug itself, customs sought intelligence. Their biggest lead came in the form of two German bodybuilders caught at Melbourne airport in February 1991. They had large amounts of steroids secreted in the false-bottoms of their suitcases. They answered customs officers' questions which led authorities to a network based in Adelaide that supplied steroids and growth hormones to Tasmania, Western Australia and the Gold Coast, as well as South Australia itself. The network was being supplied largely from Europe and the traffickers and the middle men were making profit margins similar to those commanded by heroin.

Australian customs had gleaned intelligence on steroids for their own information, but the huge nature of the problem uncovered by the investigation led the service to have the report released at a political level by Custom's Minister David Bedall.

Bedall's press release accompanying the report included the headline: "Anabolic steroids — a threat to the Australian community."

The report was only preliminary but it shocked the country. If Ben Johnson's de-frocking had revealed the steroid problem in elite sport to Australian households, it was the ACS report that brought the problem even closer to the bone. The report listed bodybuilders, power-lifters and bouncers as the biggest users of steroids. But the shocking disclosure was the revelation that high school kids had become big users of the drug — not for better sporting performance, but for the cosmetic effect of big muscles and therefore the ability to attract girls.

"That surprised me," says Hawkesworth, who attributes steroid use in males as young as 15 to the same pressures that drive young girls to anorexia. "They develop the image of the perfect body and they just go for it — even when they get a good physique they still think there's something wrong with their bodies, so they keep going. Steroids are not addictive in a physical way, but they could be in a psychological way."

Since the change in customs regulations, no private-use importations have been approved by the Health Department. But veterinary and human

steroids are still imported by pharmaceutical companies and distributors, which explains why people can still buy legally prescribed steroids from a chemist.

Australian customs admits it's report is a preliminary and not an exhaustive investigation into steroid use in Australia. But among the disturbing depictions of a society ravaged by steroid abuse, the report makes a startling observation — some doctors are now prescribing steroids for non-medical use, and monitoring their patients' usage because they fear the consequences of people using the drugs without professional supervision.

This is not a medical sympathy shared by the Australian Medical Association. AMA public health spokesman Dr Peter Wilkins says the Association has little time for doctors who subscribe steroids for non-medical use, or the people who want to take them. "Our policy is simple and well-known — that it is unethical for a doctor to prescribe drugs to a patient when the only benefit of those drugs is to enhance sporting performance."

He says that there is no argument for a doctor helping people take steroids on the basis that the patient would take them anyway and risk side-effects.

If the widespread use of anabolic steroids by school kids was a shock to Australian parents and law enforcers, it shouldn't have been.

Studies of American high school students as long ago as 1985 show teenage steroid abuse to have been a problem that was bound to find its way here sooner or later.

A 1988 University of Pennsylvania study of 46 American high schools showed 6.6 percent of senior boys had taken steroids. One-third of the surveyed youths had taken the drugs before they were 15, and another third, before they were 16. The disturbing figure was the 26.7 percent of the male students who said they took the muscle drugs to improve appearance, while 47.1 percent said they took the drugs to "improve athletic performance." This was in the same year that a different study found that (conservatively) one million athletes in the US alone were using steroids.

Lyle Alzado, the American football star who died recently from a brain cancer he attributed to a 15 year abuse of steroids and Human Growth Hormone, estimated that 75 percent of NFL football players use steroids.

It's a huge problem that authorities on both sides of the Pacific face — steroids maybe controlled within sporting bodies, but how do you stop a young male wanting big muscles for purely cosmetic reasons?

Before understanding the social problem of steroid abuse, it's important



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muscle

to know some facts about the drugs.

The word "steroid" applies to drugs that are pharmaceutically manufactured testosterone derivatives. Testosterone is the male hormone that turns boys into men. It makes for broad shoulders, deep voices, facial hair and aggression. But most importantly, testosterone makes for greater protein synthesis in the muscles which means bigger muscles and faster recovery after using them.

There are a multitude of different steroids available in oral, injectable and buccal (dissolved in the mouth) forms. Steroids are also known as "gear."

There is an important distinction between anabolic and androgenic steroids. Athletes seek out the anabolic variety because they build muscle tissue and accelerate muscle repair after exercise. The androgenic effect provides secondary male characteristics like deep voice, facial hair and aggression.

Male and female athletes steer clear of steroids with an androgenic effect. Although all steroids contain some androgenic component, some contain more than others. Women using a steroid with a high androgenic component will build bigger muscles, but they develop deep voices, facial

hair and huge clitorises. These side effects for women are generally non-reversible.

When males use a steroid with a high androgenic effect, there is a danger of the steroid "aromatising" in the body and turning to oestrogen. When this happens, the user can grow "bitch tit" breasts and have wild mood swings.

Other side effects for men include shrivelled testicles, acne, a stunting of growth if an athlete starts taking the steroids at too young an age, water and salt retention, greater risk of heart disease and prostate cancer, liver dysfunction, high blood pressure and cholesterol, and kidney stones.

Steroids have been with us for about 40 years, but the history of athletes using drugs to enhance performance is thousands of years old.

Gladiators of ancient Rome used concoctions of magic mushrooms, psychoactive seeds and herbal stimulants to improve their fighting ability. The "Hashishines", fearsome Persian swordsmen of yore, tanked-up on a virulent hash oil before going into battle or taking part in prize fights. Athletes of the mid-eighteenth century used performance enhancers such as alcohol, ethyl ether, opium, caffeine and sugar-glycerine. By the nineteenth century, athletes were using a mixture of wine and coca leaf, and at the turn of the

20th century, another concoction of strychnine and brandy was being quaffed by athletes wanting to gain the edge on the competition.

This last cocktail was allegedly used by the winner of the 1904 St Louis Olympics marathon who then collapsed at the finish and spent a long period of time at death's door before recovering.

The 1950s saw the wide-spread use of stimulants such as amphetamines (aka speed) among elite athletes. The abuse of amphetamines for increased endurance caught-on particularly in the upper echelons of cycling, and this abuse lead to several deaths in the 1960s. The 1968 Grenoble Winter Olympics marked the first Games at which the banned amphetamines were tested.

So drugs have been involved in sport for a long time — some say for as long as 2000 years.

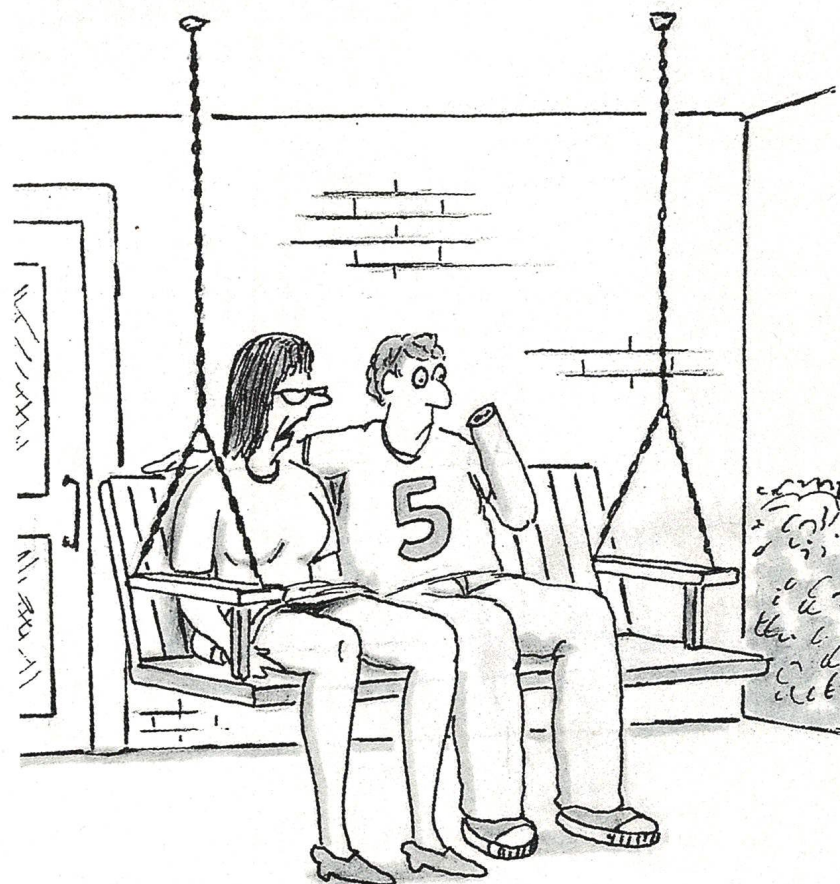
The origin of steroids in modern sport is the subject of some debate. The most accepted story goes that the Nazi military doctors developed crude steroids in the 1930s to make soldiers more aggressive and aid injury recovery. Working on the basis that steroids enhanced physical performance, the Russians started using steroids on their athletes in the early 1950s and soon after, the American Dr John Ziegler sought to create an even more advanced steroid for his countrymen. In 1956, with the aid of CIBA laboratories, Ziegler created dianabol — a simple and powerful testosterone derivative that was so effective that it is still coveted today.

Steroids were banned and were first tested for at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, but athletes' anecdotal evidence from the 1964 and 1968 Olympics spoke of toilets being littered with vials and syringes and athletes carrying medical kitbags full of steroids.

The International Olympic Committee continues to try and stay abreast of performance-enhancing drugs. It now tests for six banned drug groups: stimulants, analgesics, diuretics, betablockers (to slow heart beat), anabolic steroids and testosterone. In the future the tests may have to identify other drugs. One of these new drugs is Human Growth Hormone, that has drawn mixed reactions as to its effectiveness. Another is EPO, that increases red blood cells and therefore the oxygen capacity of the blood.

In Australia, the Sports Drug Agency is happy with the success of its testing program which it believes will clean up Aussie sport, if it hasn't done so already. That task, however, is achievable given that elite athletes are affiliated with official sport bodies who sanction the testing.

Continued on page 107



"I told you not to touch me there!"

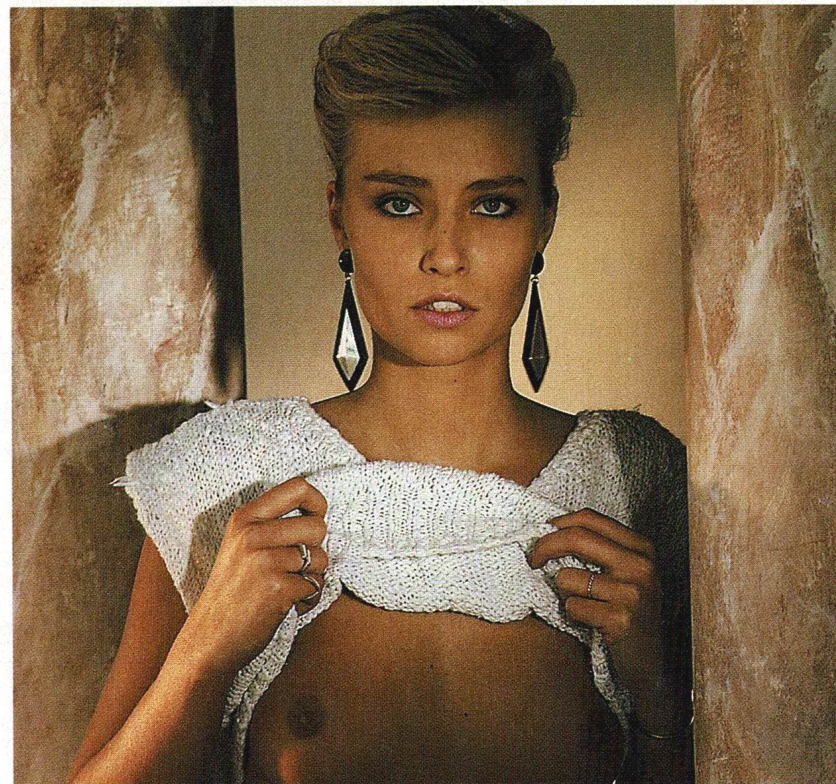




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v i t a l statistic

Photography by Michael Moore

Eighteen-year-old Karen Bond is just another figure on the government's graphs. Unemployed since she left school, Karen still has not found a full-time job. "I search through the papers every week, but there's nothing in there for me."





What does she want out of working life?
 "Stability, but with a bit of adventure thrown in with it."
 The daughter of a circus family, Karen would like to work with animals "maybe as a
 trainer." But opportunities in that field are few and far between, so perhaps she'll have
 to settle for something else.



"Settle for less than the best?" laughs Karen. "Never!"
 And her men?
 "They have to be the best. At everything."



It's Monday night at King's Court — a palatial private men's club in inner-city Sydney. Pretty women are flouncing round, flirting with clients and frequently disappearing downstairs for half an hour or so.

Suddenly a comedian bursts into the room. He spends 90 minutes delivering a manic, outrageous and often hilarious stand-up comic routine before disappearing into the dark night.

Who was that tall man in the dark glasses taking the piss out of everyone from Lindy Chamberlain and Peter Garrett through to Telecom?

It was the recently bankrupt Austen Tayshus, the Comedy Commando, performing at his most regular gig these days.

King's Court is not a brothel — it's a 'gentleman's club' offering spas and Swedish massage.

"I come in here and do an hour's show in between handjobs," he explains.

Austen Tayshus is the Australian stand-up comedian whose 1984 hit single *Australiana* (How much can a koala bear? How far can a wom bat?) outsold even Michael Jackson to become this country's all-time biggest-selling single. A Queensland judge called his work "the filthy, disgusting ravings of a mindless, depraved human being," which he takes as a compliment. The guy's also said to be a well read, deep thinking, philosophically minded sophisticate. For over a decade Austen Tayshus has been making headlines, enemies and court appearances on obscenity charges. While recent headlines have led into stories about his now well-known bankruptcy, more than a few people reckon he's Australia's hottest comic, and that the only thing standing between Austen Tayshus and mega-stardom is the "subversive" nature of his act. Others, thrilled to hear he's telling jokes at a "gentleman's club", say he's simply a shit stirring, obnoxious, loud bastard. *Is Austen Tayshus Yesterday's Man or Tomorrow's Superstar?*

After scanning Austen's press clippings of the last decade I expected him to be a big-noting, big-talking blowhard. He's been telling reporters for years about the big movie/television deals in the offing, that he's going to be the next Robin Williams/Steve Martin, and that he's off to America where they'll appreciate him. Now he tells me that shortly he's going to the States where they nurture their artistes, where he'll become the next "Billy Crystal sort of comic", and that there's already a possibility of him appearing in a movie with American sado-sex babe Sharon Stone.

I had the pleasure of chatting to Mr Tayshus, aka Sandy Gutman, at his residence in Sydney's Eastern Suburbs. It's a sparsely furnished shoebox of an apartment in Rushcutters Bay, an appropriately Jekyll and Hyde suburb below the red light sector of Kings

**How much can
a bankrupt
comedian
bear?**

DOWN AND OUT WITH AUSTEN TAYSHUS

PROFILE BY JEAN NORMAN

PHOTO BY STUART SPENCE



AUSTEN TAYSHUS

Cross. It's genteel and refined yet full of ravenous junkies trying to steal your Ray Bans. The flat has prominent views of the water, yacht club and Austen's gold disc for *Australiana*, which hangs slightly askew on the wall. Most of the time he can be seen lurking in a terminally trendy (wall-to-wall *Vogue* models and ten dollar beers) local cafe, where he sits with his mobile phone presumably talking to Sharon Stone. Folding his lanky frame into the couch he leans conspiratorially close and says, "You can tell I'm going to be a huge superstar can't you?"

To grasp Austen Tayshus you've got to imagine you're hearing him. His voice is deep, resonant, raw, sharp and sexy. He's tall, intense, provocative and an open book. "You can ask me anything," he proclaims regally. "Sex, debt, my fling with Fairlie Arrow ... the full story about why I was flung off the Fairstar Funship ..." But it's hard chatting candidly with a bloke who persists in wearing a pair of opaque black Ray Bans every waking moment. It's also tricky to tell whether I'm talking to serious Sandy Gutman or piss-taking Austen Tayshus.

This, as it pans out, could be one of the reasons why Austen has never made the big time — or for that matter the *Big Gig*, *Fast Forward*, *Tonight Live* or *Hey Hey It's Saturday*.

Most comedians who use characters, for example Barry Humphries and Dame Edna Everage, keep their alter egos well segregated from their reality. This guy flips back and forth between Austen Tayshus/Sandy Gutman with alarming ease. Sandy was born in 1954 in Sydney's affluent Eastern Suburbs, whereas Austen, I learn, was raised in a New Orleans brothel by prostitutes. For two years Sandy's been living with five-star hotel executive Emma-Jane Crompt, while Austen is happily married to Fleur Tayshus. Fleur, a nightclub singer, is the kind of gal Austen appreciates. "I had a fantastic affair with Fairlie Arrow. I gave her the idea to get kidnapped. She's got a nice body but that was all that attracted me to her." Astoundingly Austen Tayshus has never actually been done for defamation. He "revealed" that Johnny Farnham was the war criminal "Johannes Von Farnham — the Singing Beast Of Auschwitz" and claimed Kylie Minogue's heroin habit was being kept secret because the drug industry was worried about the damage she might do to its image. Midnight Oil vocalist and former Senate candidate, Peter Garrett, was not amused at Austen's allegation that Garrett was the secret father of the similarly skin-scalped Angry Anderson. The ideologically sounder-than-thou Garrett was also less than enthralled by the Austen Tayshus version of *Put Down*

That Weapon — a drawling anthem about the extinction of the Australian yobbo called *Put Down That Stubbie*. Sing along now: "If you happen to be at the SCG/Get paralytic with me."

A particularly pointed lyric had Garrett clubbing a baby seal to death with a log of Queensland rainforest timber and, for the sake of the ozone layer, giving up using Mr Sheen to polish his head. But, according to Austen, the part that really got Garrett's goat was the one about him "buggering" an Aboriginal tribe. The Oils touchily threatened to withdraw the rights to *Put Down That Weapon*, but in the end all was resolved with an agreement that half the profits go to Greenpeace.

"Peter Garrett's still pretty annoyed at me, but he takes himself so seriously," complains Austen. "I saw him recently and he came and sat down with this incredibly goofy expression on his face. It was just an ironic little thing I did — about Garrett sodomising the Aboriginal tribe — I didn't actually mean it. But he did his nut about how I'd exploited him. I don't give a shit. I still do that routine. I ham it up. I make it even worse," he rasps viciously.

After that storm in a cup of herbal tea, Austen shot to number one on the P&O Cruises shit list. In 1990 he was engaged along with Mental As Anything as shipboard entertainment on the Fairstar Funship. "So off I went with the Mentals on a ten-day jaunt around the South Pacific," he says, with rivulets of disgust at the memory dripping from his mouth. "It was a nightmare. Those ships are horrible ... the cabins are ratholes," he says. "Virtually the whole ship came to the first show. There were 1200 people clambering over one another. I came on and said 'Sorry I'm late — I've been fucking the Captain.' Everyone pissed themselves but the next day I had to write a letter of disclaimer and got thrown off the ship." Luckily the ship happened to be in port at Suva at the time. Eventually Austen Tayshus found his way home to receive a court summons from Fairstar for defamation: "the Captain was very offended and

that his life hadn't been the same since I said I was fucking him.

"I didn't mean it," he says, not for the first or last time. "I just said it to get a reaction." The next day the Funship broke down and became marooned in the middle of the ocean. Austen performs a horrific impression of fuckwits emerging off the Fairstar after their nightmarish ordeal. "They were about to sue me but after that happened and hit the papers I never heard from them again," he smirks.

The reaction from the Fairstar Funship's public relations officer, when *Penthouse* contacted him, was a nervous, hissy intake of breath followed by the story: "Elements of his act were not up to the standard we require."

Evading a defamation suit, Austen Tayshus has nevertheless fielded numerous obscenity charges. Proud of being the "first comedian to be unprintable on air," he's also appalled. "Like Rodney Rude and Kevin Wilson, because I use the word 'fuck' I've had a lot of problems. It's total hypocrisy. I'm arrested for saying 'fuck'. It's under the West Australian government, and these guys are rorting millions of dollars and sucking the country dry. There'd be 50 plain clothes coppers in the room and people out on the street getting murdered ..."

Austen pauses to bung on his thick policeman voice: "There's a comedian going to be saying the word 'fuck' tonight — send every available car."

To Austen Tayshus, the only thing obscene is something that harms other people. "Racism is obscene. Having an attitude that's totally derogatory to women is obscene. Getting pissed every second of your life is obscene." Speaking of which, didn't Austen Tayshus once like a drink or ten?

There are legends of a less-than-sober period in the comic's life when he needed half a bottle of vodka to go on stage and dwelt in an apartment littered with empty bottles of Smirnoff. Other stories cite *drug experimentation*.

Bullshit, he replies: "I can be as funny as a fuck at three in the morning without having a line of coke or speed," he boasts. "I've never been a drunk, and



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AUSTEN TAYSHUS

what you have to realise with drugs is that if you have anything natural then drugs will just destroy that. I need nothing, mate — I'm a natural comedian."

People his age, he says, all drive BMWs, have hand-held phones and are experimenting with different brands of mineral water. The non-druggie, vegetarian and freshly bankrupt Austen Tayshus has no need of a BMW, although he does have a hand-held phone and is fond of mineral water. All this sounds suspiciously yuppie.

"Never," he growls. "I'm more and more outrageous and more radical all the time. In other ways I'm very conservative. I think everyone needs a spiritual anchor." In Australia, isn't it Foster's?

"Nuh, it's Tooheys," barks Austen in a harsh, guttural Ocker accent. "It's like 'How do you Feel?' The deepest anyone can feel in Australia is 'I feel like a Tooheys.'"

He bursts into raucous pub-at-closing-time tones to sing the Mates (pronounced Mites) ad for Tooheys. "Mites — Kick your wife in the face, Mites — Interfere with your kids, Mites — Get pissed every second of your life, Mites — Swallow a football."

Mercifully he stops. "I'm the most subversive comic this country has ever had," he says.

Humorist Billy Birmingham is the Dr Frankenstein behind all this subversion. The writer of the hit single *Australiana* created the Austen Tayshus character in the early Eighties after an inspirational trip to the States.

"I came back and said to Sandy that this new sort of *shut the fuck up* style of comic routine would really suit him, and I sat down and created Austen Tayshus," he says.

Birmingham resides in Bowral, New South Wales — the birthplace of Donald Bradman — and one day Austen Tayshus swam into town. "Sandy had been doing the same material in pubs from Bondi to Broome and this had to happen at my local. He had this routine where he'd ask the crowd what the name of the publican was — they'd say Bill or Ted or whatever. He'd pretend to know him and say what an arsehole he was, and talk about the piddling money he was paying him to work in this piss-hole pub."

It went down well at most places, but the Bowral publican, who happens to be a former dual rugby international, was enraged.

"He rang the police and then stood there bellowing 'take your filth and get out!'. That sort of thing. I used to find Sandy's run-ins with people were often along those lines."

Actually a lot of people *Penthouse*

spoke to about the comic related variations of the "Austen Tayshus was suddenly hauled from the stage and ..." saga. Although Tayshus maintains that the pair "disagreed philosophically," Birmingham says he "couldn't hack the stress. Sandy's very talented but he's upset and offended a lot of people. I wouldn't say he's the sort of guy who hangs onto friends solidly. Someone can be his shadow for eight months and then they're gone." He thinks this is thanks to Sandy's inability to stop being Austen Tayshus.

"It pisses a lot of people off. If he walks into a bar and you're there, he'll have no qualms about asking you some really embarrassing question across the room at 110 decibels. A lot of people hate him for it."

Birmingham, now firmly established in his own right with his vox pops on the ABC's *Live and Sweaty* show and the wildly popular *12th Man* cricket commentary pisstake, doubts whether he and Austen/Sandy will join forces again. But he can't help speaking fondly of past incidents.

Austen, he says, is not so much fast-witted as equipped with a fine sense of outrageousness. He used to have a store dummy, Fleur Tayshus, who he carted round with him everywhere. "Once we were in a car together and Sandy had Fleur on his lap facing him when this grandma pulled up alongside us. Sandy couldn't help it — he started grinding and grunting away at the dummy, giving it this shocking boffing."

"I looked once at the lady to check her reaction and couldn't look again."

Cracking television is essential to a comic's enduring success in Australia, but Austen Tayshus is nowhere to be seen on screen.

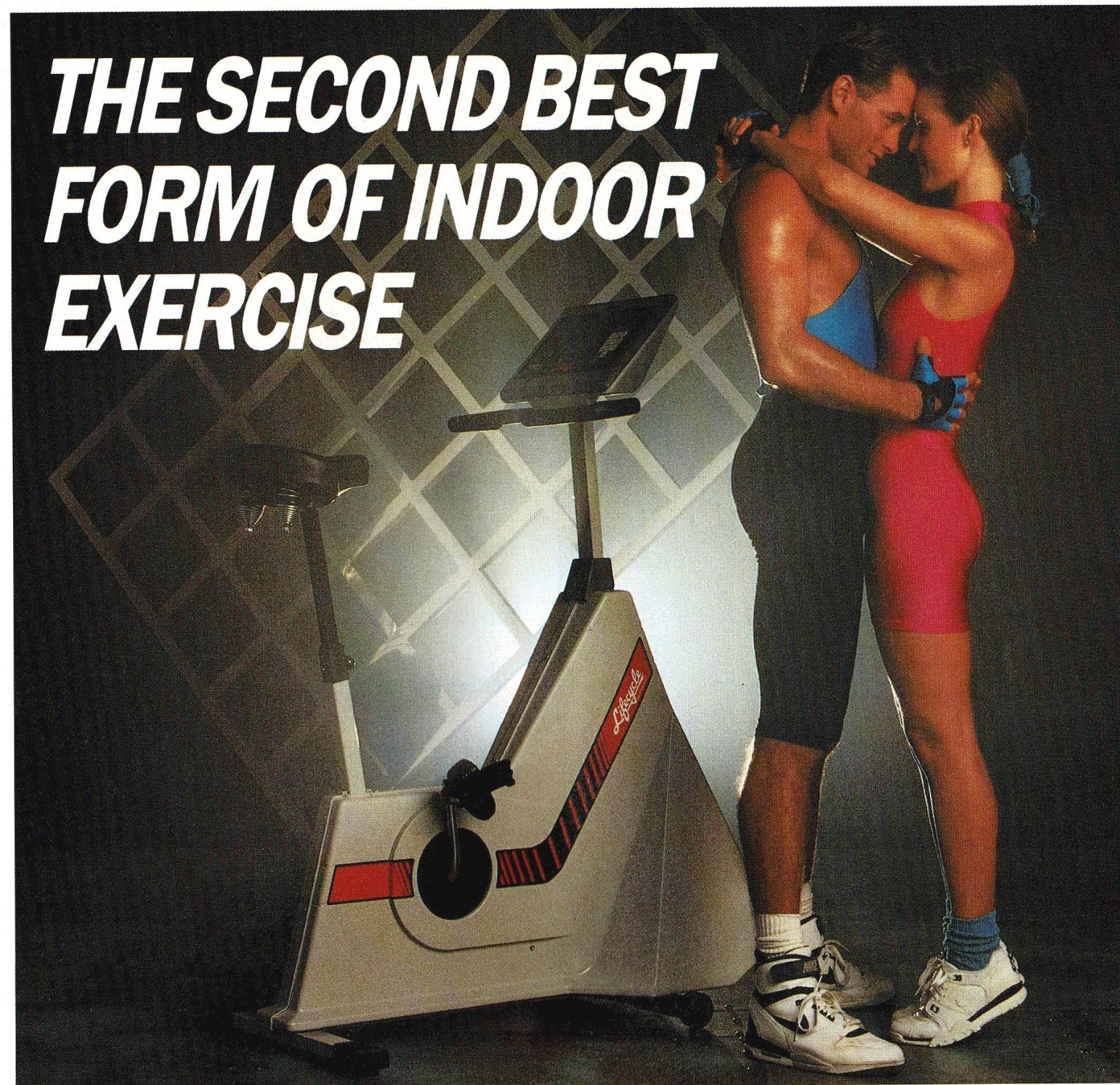
According to Birmingham this is due not to lack of talent but to Austen's utter inability to compromise. "A lot of comics are smart enough to know how to play the game, but Austen went on the *Today* show when George Negus was doing it and put shit all over him," he says. "He kept cracking jokes at George's expense and butting in. Producers and directors, who're a pretty tight bunch, are freaked out by Sandy's reputation." Sandy, he says, is actually a "well read, deep thinker. He's extremely sensitive and a lot of people don't realise this. But he jumps from reality into fantasy and then back again very quickly."

Back at the flat, Austen Tayshus is sitting next to me talking about bank tellers. "They're a pain," he says with rare understatement. "They just don't have enough respect for superstars — they keep me waiting."

Er, how do the Austen Tayshus persona and Sandy Gutman get along, I

Continued on page 108

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HUMOUR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DRAHOS ZAK

die Yuppie DIE!

Excuse me,
am I in the right
decade? This is the
Nineties? It's just
that we seem to be

witnessing the Return of the Yuppie. The graffiti at the
top of my street says, "YUPPIES MUST DIE." But
aren't they supposed to be dead already?

Once upon a time in the aching Eighties, I was a
Yuppie myself. For eight and a half weeks. I was cured
when I realised that I didn't need a filofax because I
had a brain. Those Yuppies who weren't rescued by
such a revelation dived off buildings on that

**Yuppies aren't dead and buried,
they've just gone underground**



die yuppie DiE!

dark day of the stock market crash in 1987, escaped to Spain or went directly to jail without passing Go. At least that's what I thought happened. But although thought to be long gone, the Yuppie, like the Tasmanian Tiger, is being spotted with enough frequency to suggest that the wretched species still exists. I saw some the other day. They live up the road from me. Actually dozens of them do. They seem to be replicating.

"Hi," they leered toothily. I waited for them to ask if my MacLeans were showing but they said, "We've just been in Double Bay buying designer shoes for Spring. How're you?"

One of my biggest fears is that my infant son will grow up into a Yuppie. Recently he said "Volvo", which was a worry, but I've convinced myself he was just trying to say "vulva." I'd rather he became a crack dealer than a Yuppie. The word Yuppie is supposed to mean "Young, Urban, Upwardly Mobile Prat." Or is it "Professional"? But nowadays the Yuppie's pushing forty-something, suburban and struggling to maintain a semblance of mobility. He's a tad tarnished but despite debts that have

spiralled into six figures he's alive, more obnoxious than ever and renovating a house in your street. Since he stopped wearing braces, fire-red ties and slicking his hair back, the Yuppie is harder to identify. Old Yuppies don't die — to cope with the brave new Nineties they mutate into one of three different forms of Neo-Yuppie: Aristo-Yuppies, Eco-Yuppies and Yuppies With Attitude. Yuppie Eradication is every good citizen's duty, and *Australian Penthouse* presents a comprehensive guide to species identification along with characteristics shared by all three sub-species.

We leave the method of Yuppicide to your discretion, but may I suggest a shotgun.

ARISTO-YUPPIES

This type will never admit they were Yuppies. Back in the bad old Eighties they accumulated wealth in the usual manner — insider trading, leveraged buy outs, selling their grandmothers and so on — but Aristo-Yuppies now want you to believe they were born old-moneyed and landed gentry. To this end they'll sport old-school ties from schools they never went to, display ancestral portraits of nobility they're unrelated to, keep pets who can trace their pedigree back to the

Norman Conquest, and may talk incessantly about growing up in India when Daddy was with the embassy. You never actually get to meet a member of their family because you run the risk of discovering that Daddy's still with the fish and chip shop, as indeed he always has been. Aristo-Yuppies bellow for more Bollinger in what they fondly fancy to be a posh accent, but their claim to superior education is undermined by their vocabulary. To give an Aristo-Yuppie stark slobbering nightmares about his school days at Dubbo West High, simply use words they don't know the meaning of. If they really attended Eton or Oxford they'd know that "aprosxia" means inability to concentrate and that "gynaceum" is Latin for ladies room.

ECO-YUPPIES

This insidious breed have repented of their wicked Eighties ways enough to cease investing profitably in Toxic Waste Dumping Pty Ltd, but will never give up one-yupmanship. So you use recycled loo paper? Eco-Yuppies will point out their recycled cotton rolls spun by Nicaraguan virgins. Your car runs on unleaded petrol? Theirs goes 200km to the litre on sunflower oil. Eco-Yuppies have two favourite fantasies. One is that

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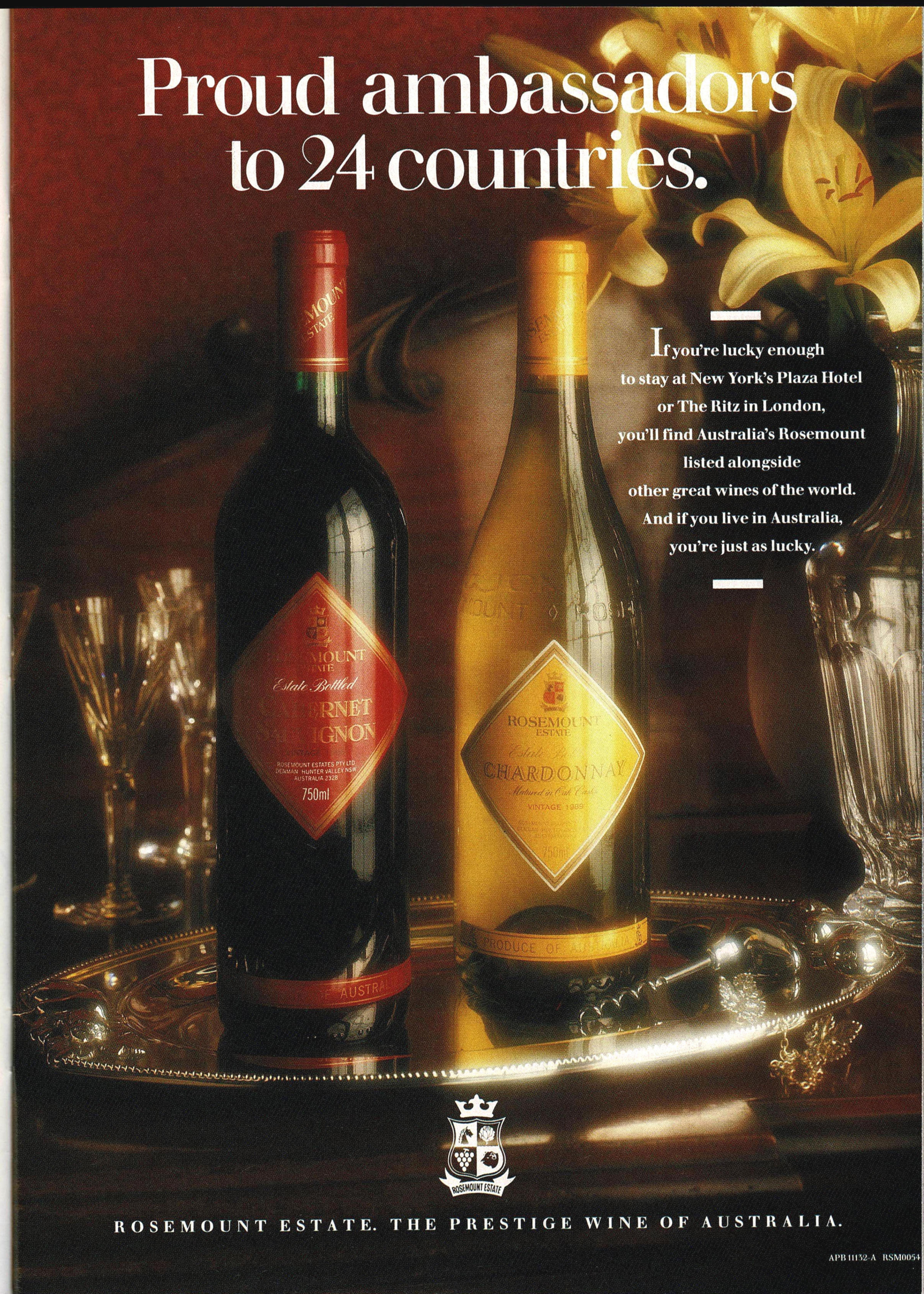
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die yuppie DiE!

they get to befriend a real live threatened Amazonian rain forest chieftain and take him everywhere like Sting did. The other is that they have friends from all walks of life. So they invite their chiropractors, urologists and house cleaners to their parties and introduce them by saying, "This is my house cleaner."

Eco-Yuppies harangue people for not using wooden clothes pegs like they do, but they are sadly not biodegradable themselves. You can soak them in rainwater for weeks then leave them out in the sun and the damn things still won't decompose into nitrogenous waste. Eco-Yuppie's veneer of bio-awareness is thinner than the shitty, scratchy loo paper they use. Their favourite shade of green is really the soft, metallic glimmer of a new BMW and they still prefer the Gekko Greed-Is-Good character to Flipper the dolphin.

YUPPIES WITH ATTITUDE

The most obvious trait of this species is that they don't know they're too old to be hip. At the age of forty-something they still refer to one another as boys and girls.

They make out that their job as cost analyst at a fertiliser corporation is extremely exciting, dangerous and glamorous.

They dress up in clothes that they've seen on MTV and haul their aerobicised and liposucted bods out to where the wild things are. There they stand in a gaggle, amongst the models, hair persons and the very young, self consciously trying to gyrate to music they don't understand.

Middle-aged men in rap gear and baseball caps awkwardly clutch at their yupettes who wear tie-dyed mini frocks, wondering if the kids in the corner are old enough to be out on their own.

Yuppies with attitude go to dance parties and pretend not to hear the bouncer asking if they're there to pick up their children.

They're fucked off that they can spend \$2000 on a Milan original to look no better than a teenager in a Bonds singlet. Yuppies With Attitude live in a constant state of denial that they're no longer part of the Youth Culture.

So you know that the Yuppie germ has mutated into three different strains. Here's how to know within five minutes of meeting someone whether or not they're a Yuppie:

CONVERSATION WITH A YUPPIE

It doesn't matter if you say, "Help, there's a serial killer in my garage", the Yuppie will always reply using one or more of the following phrases: client base, closed the deal, gross profit, property values, Bollinger, Armani, share portfolio, maximising assets, Amex and The Bottom Line.

THE SEX LIFE OF THE YUPPIE

It's been almost a decade and the Yuppie's still searching for that elusive G-Spot. He, having been advised by his therapist to think of other things to avoid premature ejaculation, fantasies about his client base and the cute Volvo next door. This sustains a raging but sensitive erection. She, having been advised by her therapist to fantasise to reach orgasm, also thinks about his client base and the Volvo next door. As the copulating Yuppies reach climax she's thinking, "Those curtains have got to go" and he's thinking he'll have to both sleep on the wet spot and take the sheets to the dry cleaners in the morning.

One can't be too careful with imported Irish linen.

YUPPIES HAVE DESIGNER CHILDREN

Aristo-Yuppies boast that their baby will be delivered by an obstetrician related to that of Princess Diana's. And while Eco-Yuppies tell of their plans to have the baby in a spa pool with a dolphin, Yuppies With Attitude plan to have the most expensive drugs available. The babies are weaned straight off the tit and onto pesto with angel-hair pasta. They're indoctrinated into their Yuppie heritage by being attired in nothing but Weeboks, Levi 501s in 000 sizes and Junior Oshkosh yachting outfits.

YUPPIES ARE BAD TEMPERED

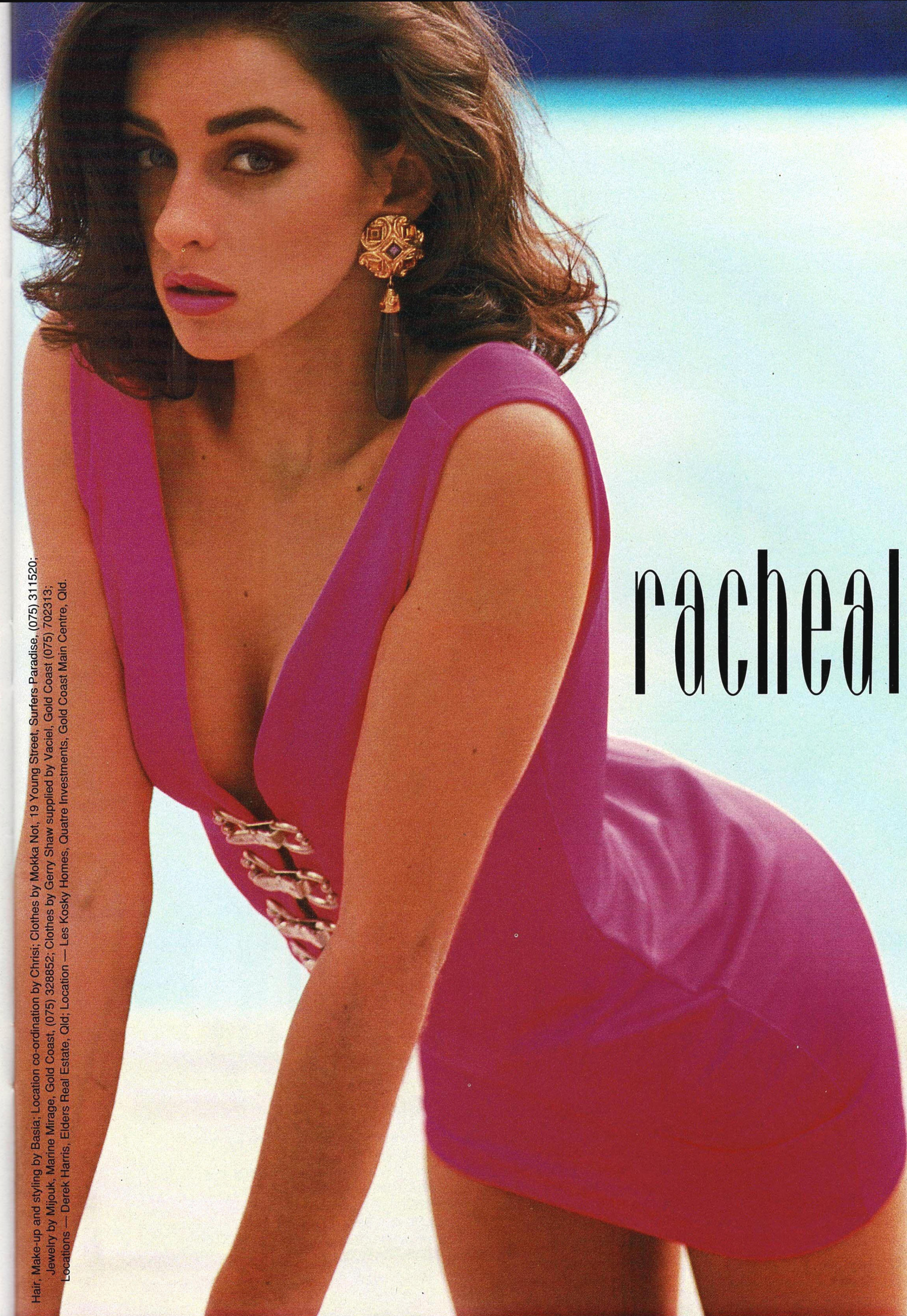
What with all the building dust they inhale whilst renovating, their fear of repo men taking the wife, the stress of servicing debts and keeping up with the Packers, Yuppies are always in filthy moods. Attending a friend's dinner party and seeing a telephone table that was on the cover of *Vogue Living* can see the short-fused Yuppie disembowel himself.

I was innocently walking the streets one night when I was almost murdered by a neighbouring Yuppie. He has a car, Jap posing as Euro, with an alarm that goes off if you even think about running a 50-cent coin along it. I just wandered past the vile machine and it started

Continued on page 112



"So how was your second trip to the Holy Land son?"



racheal

Hair, Make-up and styling by Basia; Location co-ordination by Chris; Clothes by Mokka Not, 19 Young Street, Surfers Paradise, (075) 311520; Jewellery by Mijouk, Marine Mirage, Gold Coast, (075) 328852; Clothes by Gerry Shaw supplied by Vaciel, Gold Coast (075) 702313; Locations — Derek Harris, Elders Real Estate, Qld; Location — Les Kosky Homes, Quatre Investments, Gold Coast Main Centre, Qld.



private dancer

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

Lovely 21-year-old Racheal Ellison is a woman on the move and any man in her life has got to be pretty quick just to keep up.

The blue-eyed brunette hails originally from Victoria, but she caught the travelling bug after spending her high school years at boarding school.

"I like to travel and spend time in different places.

I hate being in one place too long," she says.

Since leaving school, the gorgeous Pisces has lived all over the country and now finds herself managing a catering business on the Gold Coast.





But before going into business, Racheal was a professional dancer who had one memorable act where she writhed to Middle Eastern music while a snake slithered up and down her oiled body.

"It wasn't all snakes and oil. I was formally a classical ballerina and used to perform floor shows and Go-Go dances in various Melbourne clubs."



She is now using her 34-25-32 proportions to model swimwear and has been a fashion catwalk model for five years. But the girl who lists reading and good conversation as her favourite hobbies wants to show-off her mind rather than her body in the future.





"I'm going to study medicine and specialise in paediatrics so I can help other people."
 This is Racheal's first appearance in *Penthouse* but she had no hesitation about posing nude for the camera.
 "I don't think there's anything smutty about the human body — a woman's body is one of the more beautiful things to view, after all."







NIGHTLIFE

outcasts

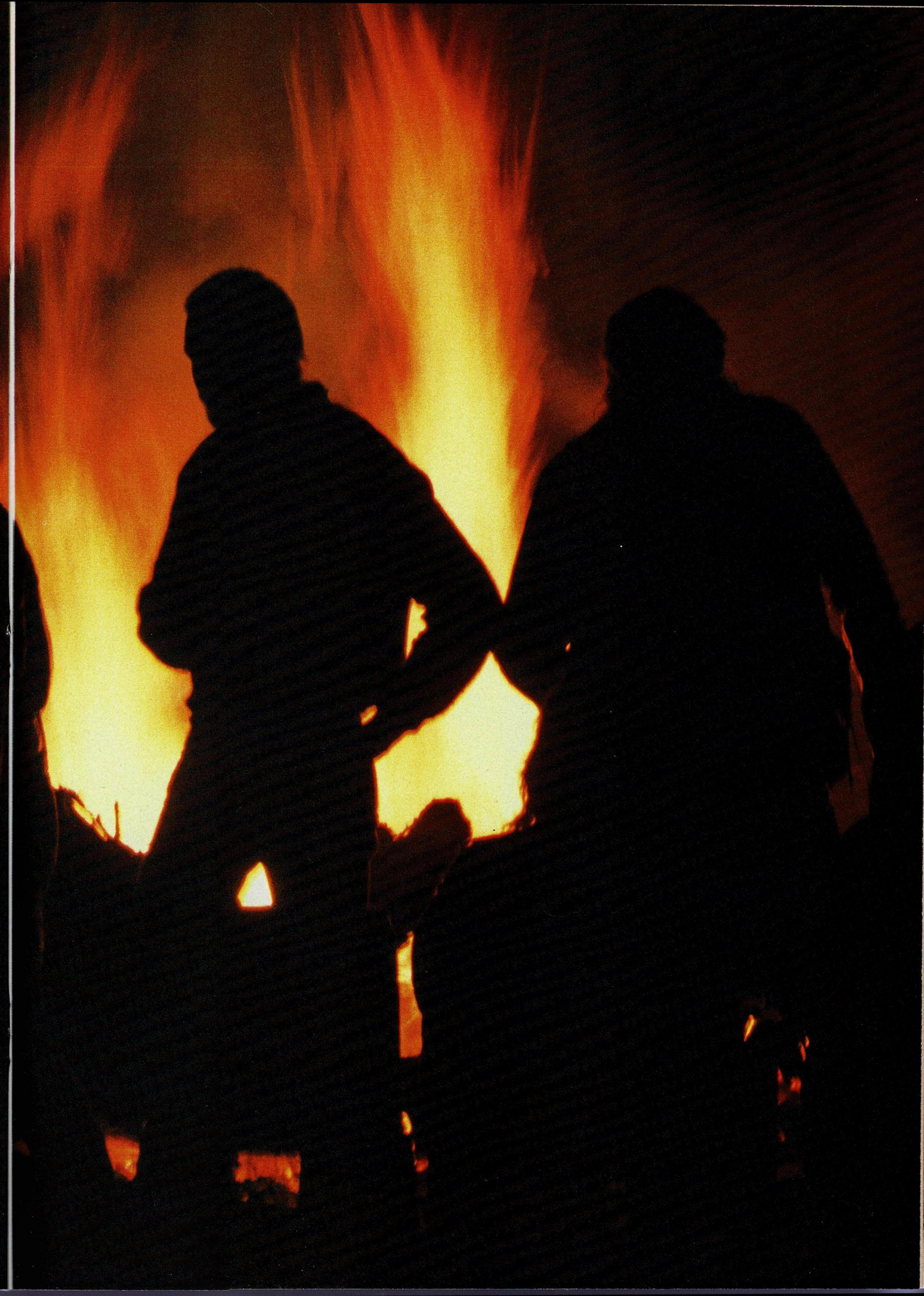
Saturday night
with the Outcasts
Motorcycle Club

party animals

BY MARK ABERNETHY

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO

Boris and the boys are colder than a toad's tit. Nothing can keep the cold off their hands or faces — not even a few quiet bourbons or a couple of numbers. It's cold out here, 64km west of the Sydney Harbour Bridge on the Great Western Highway, doing a relaxed 120km/ph through the two-degree still of night. The three riders slip through the darkness in an arrow-head formation, commandeering a lane for their own personal



party animals

use. The surrounding traffic keeps a respectful distance from the posse of Harley-Davidson bikes and the black leather-clad riders with sunglasses and attitude.

We move alongside the chromed Milwaukee beasts so Monro can lean out of the Commodore station wagon and shoot pics of Boris and his mates, Ron and Tony. But it's so cold that he lasts 30 seconds out the window before giving it away.

The riders pull into a roadside service station at Penrith for gas, a pie and cigarette supplies for the evening ahead.

The black helmets, sunglasses and scarfs come off, revealing real humans under the Darth Vader exteriors. "It doesn't matter what you wear," says Boris, the big guy with the shaved head and the goatee beard, "You always get cold hands. They put a man on the moon but you can't buy gloves that keep the cold out."

Silk under leather, fingerless woollens over leather, woollen inners under leather, Thinsulate ski gloves, double-skinned padded leathers — all useless. If it's cold enough, your hands will freeze-up and curl-over like a dead chicken's foot.

"I'm getting too old for this shit," groans Tony as the trio make to leave the servo. The 37-year-old advertising manager doesn't like the cold. Fifteen years ago he rode through below-zero degree temperatures to a pub at Oberon. When he pulled up outside the watering hole, it was a decidedly un-classy act. "I was so cold I couldn't get off the bike — couldn't take my hands off the bars, couldn't even put the stand down. The locals had to come out and prise me off the fucking thing and drag me inside to the fire."

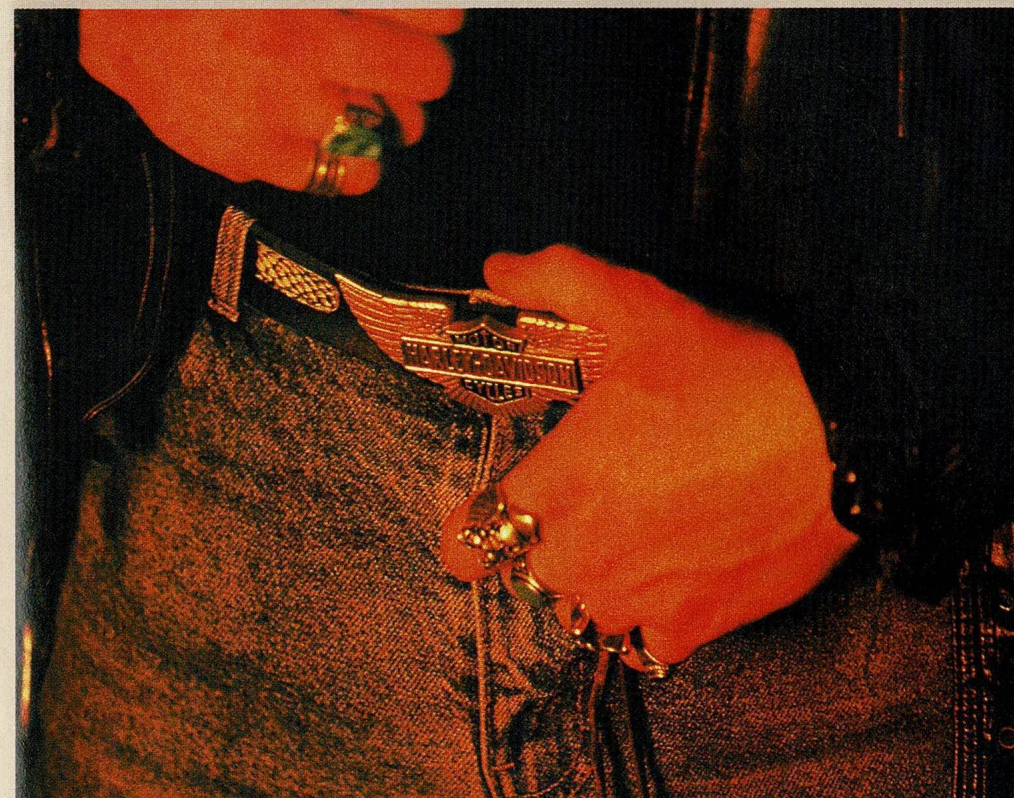
The three riders roar back into the cold of Sydney's West — Boris and Tony on their Harleys and Ron on the Harley-engined trike. The trike isn't a gimmick. Ron lost his right leg in an accident a few years back and now finds three wheels less hairy than two. They look like the Horsemen of the Apocalypse — Trouble with a capital "T", likely lads on big bikes, chasing down the Real Thing with an itch they

can't scratch. But they're also the Horsemen of *Ozbike* — a monthly biker/lifestyle magazine that sells 50,000 per issue and kicks the sales shit out of anything remotely resembling competition. Life imitates art. Boris is the editor and tonight is work. Not work as in overtime, word processors and time clocks, but partying — very serious partying. Most people get up, catch a bus and go to work in the city. Boris jumps a Harley and rides, destination Llandilo and the home of the Outcasts Motorcycle Club. It's not an occasional thing. The mag covers biker parties and weekends all over the country, and the editor takes himself and his 1990, 1340cc Heritage Softail to as many as he can make. "If I can do it in 16 hours, I'll be there." It sounds like a dream job for someone who lives for bikes, and that's an observation the 31-year-old agrees with if his motto for life is anything to go by. "Why do I do what I do? Because I can, asshole, that's why."

Pommie is the Prez. Pommie likes protocol and hates liars.

"I got nothing against the press. You guys are welcome here as long as you write the truth — it doesn't matter as long as it's the truth. You write any lies and there's gonna be trouble. Understand?"

Given I'm a coward, I move quickly to convince him that I understand.



Pommie gets his name because he's just that — a Pom, a restless ball of grey-bearded energy who got out of the country he describes as a "shithole" as a kid and never looked back. Now he presides over the Outcasts — one of the older of Sydney's 20-odd motorcycle clubs and now an incorporated body with land holdings and other investments. One of

the holdings is the small farm and clubhouse where tonight we party in memory of a club member who died a few years ago. The proverbial biker mistrust of bankers is on hold as long as the club has something to gain from the relationship. "It ain't a sell-out," says Pommie, "it's business, it's the times." He also presides over the physical

well-being of myself and Monro. The club has trusted some arms of the media in the past only to be crapped-on from a height. Now, journalists are regarded with the same suspicion afforded narcs, rice-burner riders and bureaucrats.

"You'll be alright mate, there'll be no trouble. You've gone through the right channels. It's these arseholes who come in here, have a good time, then go away and write lies — they're the ones who may not be, ah, *appreciated* by some of the guys."

I may be "alright" but it doesn't stop some of the patch members fixing me with looks that could be suspicion or intended violence as they seek okays from Pommie on everything from booze and firewood supplies to strippers and start times for the band. The Outcasts' property is a farm on the outskirts of the small town of Llandilo. A gravel drive leads from the heavily guarded gate down a gentle slope to the club house. The club house itself is a plywood structure, slightly bigger than a country school classroom, with a bar down one side and easy chairs on the other. But it's out on the grassed paddock that the action is happening. Boris is already holding court beside a fire pit the size of a squash court. Behind him a massive, free-standing stage is busy with people preparing for the band. It's only seven o'clock but the night air is so cold that the 150 guests have

NIGHTLIFE

outcasts

party animals

already drawn as close as they can to the inferno without getting burned. There are few patch members relaxing. This is party night — a very well organised party night — and club members take as much pride in making things work smoothly as people in other walks of life might take pride in organising a well-oiled tennis tournament. There are guards at the gate to keep out “undesirables.” Security means a lot in this club. A party means a good time for all and that means keeping out the wankers who don’t want a good time. Outcasts rages have a reputation for having little or no aggro, and that’s the way they want to keep it. When the punters have paid their cover charge at the gate they can drink all they want, stand around the fire, smoke, watch the band and later, ogle the mandatory strippers. And they can do this knowing that someone’s keeping an eye on their bike and that trouble will be sorted-out with methods probably not found in the Police Procedures book. It’s a far cry from the average citizen’s perception of a biker’s night out. The patches tend the bar with smiles, and the frightening-looking monster standing beside you shares his smokes and says giddyay. When you ask a member where the toilets are, he is helpful (okay, so the answer may be to take a piss on yonder tree, but it’s helpful, right! What am I — your mother?).

For a bloke who rode for seven years in an outlaw motorcycle club, Boris is something of a strange bird. This is a bloke with a fist full of rings who wears sunglasses at night. He edits the largest biker mag in the country, looks the part and lives the lifestyle. The first time I saw him was at the *Ozbike* office in Redfern. There was a booming voice from the other end of the building that literally shook the windows. “Oi, who the fuck are you? Who the fuck said you could park there?” It was Boris, full of rage and righteousness, stomping across the car park in a big pair of biker boots to do

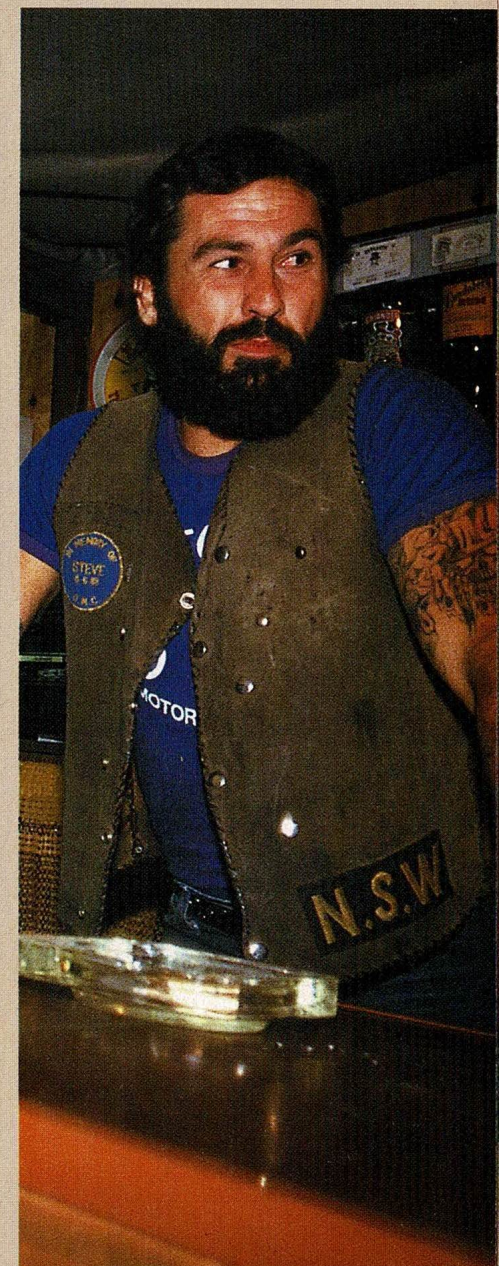


battle with some impostor who had parked in the wrong place. The confrontation was brief, ugly and successful. The magazine staff barely raised an eyebrow. It was just Boris. Until you get on the piss and share joints with someone like this, it’s easy to forget there’s another side to the outward appearance of people. He struts, poses and uses the word “fuck” not infrequently, but he’s also intelligent, well-read, and fluent in Russian, Yugoslav and German. “It helps if you travel in Europe,” he says with a shrug, but he doesn’t want to dwell on it. Neither does he want to talk about another surprise — the fact that he doesn’t drink. “I do other things.” The conversation gets back to Tony, the advertising manager, as the band start-up with their first Thorogood/ZZ Top/Lynyrd Skynyrd cover for the night. He’s getting drunk and is at pains to define the whole biker scene and what he gets out of it. He has a rabid, high-speed style of speech not unlike the part Dennis Hopper plays in *Apocalypse Now*. “There are two types of bikers — those in motorcycle clubs and the ones who are into the lifestyle. “The thing about this scene is you don’t have to be John Travolta or Rob Lowe to get a fuck. I decided years ago that this is what I wanted. It’s not perfect, but you don’t meet too many pretenders at places like this.” There’s probably more than 500 people gathered around the huge fire now and Tony accuses Boris of being homophobic after some gay joke



telling that has the place in stitches. “I’m not homophobic. I’m a sociopath — I don’t like anyone,” says Boris in his own defence. By 10pm there are 700 party-goers — men and women, young and old, bikers and citizens — milling around the paddock in sub-zero temperatures. The band is coming to an end, and for the blokes, that means the strippers are about to start. But above the excitement for the sight of some female flesh, another buzz cuts through the atmosphere. There, snaking down the drive, are a couple of police vehicles. The party throng moves en masse to the club house where a licensing sergeant is serving papers on Pommie. There appears to be, says Pommie, technical difficulties with the club’s license. It’s not an unexpected bust given the Outcasts’ recent persecution at the hands of various authorities. And the police don’t seem to have their hearts in it as they systematically unload the alcohol from behind the bar. Pommie is unaffected by the intrusion and even jokes with the sergeant. He is a calming influence in a room full of anger that wants to descend on these

cops and dish out some punishment. But this is Pommie’s call, and if he says “co-operation”, then that’s what it is. Monro comes into the crowded club house and says the approach road to the club is lined with police cars. He leaves and a patch member gives me a meaningful look saying, “There’s a fucking narc in this place, and when I find it, I’m gonna rip its fucking head off.” Another member distracts his attention as things start to look dangerous. In this place, if they don’t know who you are, then you could be anybody. Understand? It seems like the party is coming to an early close, but as I walk back outside, there is still beer available. I grab another four cans and a smiling biker tells me the old adage for bike clubs: “It’s not over until we say it is.” Back at the fire, the cops are forgotten. It’s Ron’s round for smoke so he pulls out his stash as the strippers finally get onstage to a roar of wolf-whistles, whoops and cheers. Boris is unsympathetic about the narc accusations: “If you’re still in one piece then consider yourself lucky — I would.” There are women around this fire that



are so sexy, raunchy and dammed unavailable that it could drive a bloke to drink. While the blokes scream at the girls onstage, the girlfriends wait around the fire. A lot of them want to talk to Boris, but there’s no funny business from the Ed. He’s in a relationship, where good behaviour is demanded rather than just appreciated. You get the impression his good behaviour bond would be a source of humour to Ron and Tony if they thought they could get away with it. But I’m not about to ask. It’s well after 2am when Boris and the boys finally head off. It’s been another big night of music, women, booze and togetherness. “Cut one and they all bleed.” It’s typical of the biker scene. For Boris, it’s a case of heading off into the freezing darkness on a bike that’s misfiring because he was too impatient to warm-up the engine. It’s the impatience of a guy who would ride 16 hours for a rage — a bloke who gets paid to party. ☐



GARDEN G R O W T H

Photography by Frank Palmer

Destinay and Ace love to get naked in the privacy of their big beautiful, garden. The trouble is, they rarely have time to enjoy the scenery, as Ace gets so turned on watching his girlfriend's lovely body in the raw, he soon has to drag her back indoors.





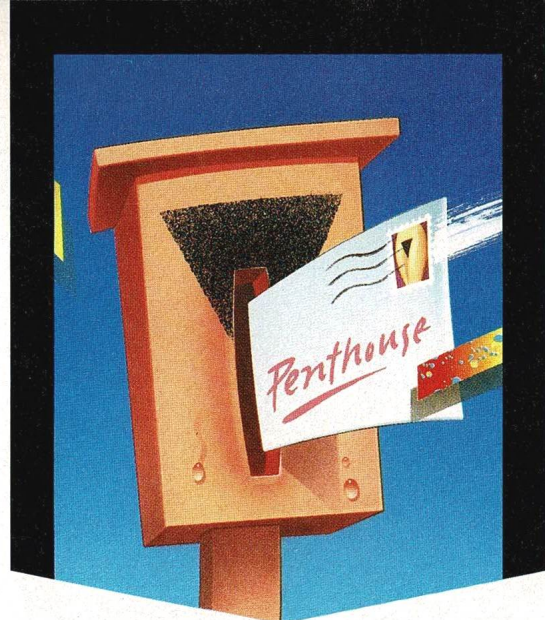
Not that Destinay needs much dragging. She can't wait to get her hands on her lover's shrubbery. She moans and gasps as she plants hot kisses on his fertile stem, and guides his green fingers over her untamed bush.





"It feels so natural," she sighs, guiding him into her hothouse flower. He closes his eyes to concentrate his senses as he caresses her darling bud. And when it's finished, like the seasons, they simply start the cycle all over again.





\$1000 forum letter competition runners-up

Company transfer

About two years ago I received a promotion and transfer to one of our company's country offices. On taking up the position, everybody made me feel welcome. Especially welcoming was Kate, the girl who had her desk next to mine. To say the least, she was gorgeous — about 22-years-old with long blonde hair, great legs and breasts that would continually grab my attention. Every morning I would be greeted with a warm smile and she would constantly be coming over to sit on the edge of my desk for a chat. I soon found out from the other guys in the office that Kate had a reputation as a flirt, but I would be very lucky if anything came of it.

Well, I was very lucky. After only a week there Kate asked me out for dinner. How could I say no to a body like that?

I picked her up from her house and we went for a romantic dinner with lots of good food and playful touching. On the way home Kate suggested we go for a drive, rather than end the night prematurely. She directed me until we arrived at a dark, secluded picnic area. We both knew the score; as soon as I turned off the motor, our lips met and our tongues started wrestling with each other. It didn't take long for her hand to grab my already hard cock through my trousers and start massaging, so I responded by unbuttoning her blouse

and caressing her magnificent breasts.

Then, everything seemed to happen so fast. Kate unzipped my trousers, pulling my cock out. She disentangled her tongue from mine and lowered her head to my groin. As she did so, I looked past her out the window. Standing right outside the car was a guy with his dick in his hand, jerking off while he watched us. I couldn't speak. Firstly, because I was too shocked, and secondly because at that moment Kate's lips slid over the head of my cock and descended down along the shaft.

It was the best headjob I'd ever had. Kate gobbled at it as though she was cock-starved. My entire length would disappear between her lips on each rapid descent, then she would draw back to swirl her tongue around the tip before plunging back down again. I'm sure my arousal was intensified because of the situation: I was being sucked off by a stunning girl I barely knew, while a total stranger jacked himself off watching. I could feel my orgasm fast approaching, and I mustn't have been the only one feeling the pressure build, for our voyeur let out a little grunt as he sped up his hand movements. Kate must have heard, because she lifted her head away from my lap to see what was going on. I thought she was going to scream when she turned around and saw that penis only inches from her face. Instead she just stared at what

the guy was doing. Realising that she was watching him must have given him a kick and sent him over the edge, because next thing great spurts of semen shot out of his cock and landed in globs on the window. This just seemed to turn Kate on. She was moaning and rubbing her pussy hard. I was excited, but also neglected.

When the stranger had finished unloading his spunk, he collapsed against the side of my car. I was about to suggest we go elsewhere to finish our fun in private, when this surprising girl further surprised me. She quickly wound down the window, and grabbing the still full organ, plopped it straight into her mouth. The stranger didn't seem to know what to do — I'm sure this could never have happened to him before — but he certainly wasn't going to withdraw his dick from that warm, luscious mouth. Watching this action aroused me nearly as much as being blown myself. I must admit that this exhibitionist had quite a bit to show off.

I couldn't stand being left out any longer, so I removed my trousers completely, lifted Kate's hips up so that she was now kneeling on her seat, pulled her brief panties down to her knees and positioned my rampant cock at her pussy lips. When Kate realised what I was doing she moaned in approval. This lady was uncontrollably horny! She reached back with one hand and guided me into her wetness. It felt

The response to last May's Forum letter competition was hot. The \$1000 first prize winner was chosen from hundreds of entries from all over Australia. The winner and two runners-up appeared last month. Here are four remaining runners-up who will each receive a year's Black Label subscription. All winners requested that their names and addresses be withheld.

glorious. I lost my composure and started banging into her, driving as deep as I could. I'd barely got a rhythm going when I felt my manhood become a high-pressure hose, shooting jets of come way up inside her. I collapsed back onto my own seat, Kate squealing as I suddenly withdrew.

I watched Kate and the stranger for the next 15 minutes. He was thrusting his hips back and forth, literally fucking her mouth. His huge cock was parting her lips as though they were pussy lips. When she started fondling his balls and running her fingertips around to his anus, he let out one long low groan and shook all over with a ferocious orgasm. Kate swirled her tongue around the tip as thick come flowed into her mouth, onto her face and dripped down over her breasts. She went back down over his shaft as she pumped her fingers faster into herself until she soon fell back into her seat, her body writhing in ecstasy as she finally came.

I had become aroused again after all this, so I wasted no time in starting the car and driving off, leaving Kate's unknown victim slouched in total exhaustion. When we got back to Kate's, I guided her to the bedroom as quick as I could. She was still pretty drained, but allowed me to finish undressing her, push her knees back to her chest and slide my stiff, aching hardness back into those warm, wet folds. That's where I spent most of the night. Over the next

year that I worked in that office, Kate and I had many incredible sexual episodes, but none more unforgettable than the adventure with the unknown exhibitionist. — *Name and address withheld*

What friends are for

I was visiting my friends Art and Christine, both of whom I had known since high school. I'd visited them many times in the past and there had always been a little bit of half serious banter about threesomes, but we never quite took it seriously. We had dinner, wine and something to smoke — the usual entertainment — and it was time to go to bed. They went off to their room and I went to the spare room.

In the slight shift of reality before deep sleep, I heard Art call my name from the other room. Suddenly wide awake and excited, without a second thought I went in and sat on the edge of the bed, wearing just my underpants in their dimly lit bedroom.

Art leant over and whispered something in Christine's ear and she laughed. She then turned to me and pulled the sheet to one side, exposing her naked body. She smoothed the bottom sheet with the palm of her hand indicating that I should lie down. Christine flicked the elastic of my underwear and, as she withdrew her hand, grazed a fingertip over the end of my cock. I took the pants off and

slid in beside her warm body. Highly aroused, I reached across her waist and circled her navel with my finger.

Christine lay on her back between us. We were both lying on our sides in contact with her body. As my nervousness subsided, my cock became rock hard as it was squeezed between her thigh and my own body. We continued to stroke her and she moved her hips from side to side. I felt her move and, as I looked down, she moved her right leg over Art's, parting her legs slightly. Art guided my hand down towards Christine's cunt. He brushed my hand over her mound which was thick with dark hair. He then took my index finger and ran it around the lips of her cunt in a circular motion.

He said, "Listen" and continued to work my finger around the entrance to her cunt. Christine moaned. She had totally abandoned herself to what was happening. I played with her cunt lips without Art's help. In contrast to her mound, she was virtually hairless and smooth between her legs. As my finger moved around the folds of her cunt, I could hear a sticky sound. Getting more excited, I slipped the full length of my finger into her and felt the slippery warmth inside. She pushed upwards towards my hand. Art took my hand again and pulled me gently out of her. He said, "Listen to the sound of her cunt." Christine murmured once again and spread her left leg so that it was

runners-up

over mine. This opened her completely and I ran my fingers around her lips while Art pushed his finger in and out of her. Our hands were covered in Christine's sticky moisture which we rubbed on her breasts. I sucked at her nipple until I had swallowed the taste of her cunt. I touched a moistened finger to Christine's mouth and she sucked her own juices. She had no idea, and didn't care, who was doing what with her. Like most women, she loved to have her nipples and breasts sucked.

Christine now had a choice to make. She knew that she was committed to fucking both of us, but she didn't want to give up the sensuality of the moment. She leaned over to me and kissed me on the mouth very gently. She came up to my ear and whispered, "When Art's finished I want you to fill me up with this." She ran her hand down to my cock, gripped it by the shaft and squeezed it. She then turned away from me to face Art while pulling my arm around her waist. I slid my hand between her buttock cheeks, lifting them apart and caressing her tight anus with my fingers. She squirmed in pleasure against me.

For the next ten minutes I became a voyeur. Christine knelt down and took Art's cock in her mouth. He looked over and grinned at me. Now he was lying back with his eyes closed as Christine sucked the full length of his shaft. Her front teeth protruded slightly and I could see the rim around the tip

of his cock passing over her front teeth. Each time this would happen he would twitch involuntarily as he became oversensitive to her deep sucking.

It was obvious that Christine was finely tuned to him. He began moaning and breathing hard and she suddenly stopped sucking him, brought her head back and made a slight smacking sound with her tongue and lips as she looked over to me and smiled. She knew he was about to come and she had stopped short.

She straddled his body and rubbed her cunt lips on his stomach and chest. I could see Art's pulse as his cock twitched against his belly. Christine sunk down on Art's face and slowly rubbed the full length of her slit against his mouth and tongue. At the same time, Art rubbed the palms of his hands against her breasts and tugged at her hard nipples until both breasts stretched upwards. Christine began to vigorously masturbate herself on Art's mouth and squeezed her thighs either side of his head. She arched her back, threw her head back and closed her eyes. She gave a series of short gasps and a jolt went through her body followed by uncontrolled trembling. She was short of breath and beads of sweat ran down her shoulders to the small of her back and between her buttocks. She lay still, holding Art's body close to her own lovely figure.

After a few moments, Art rolled her on her back towards me. I touched her, but she was still sensitive and I pulled my hand away. Art didn't wait for her to recover completely. He spread her

legs high and wide either side of him. He knelt in front of her and kissed her mouth deeply with his tongue so that she could taste herself. The ridge around the tip of his cock slipped past the web of lips at the entrance to her cunt, making her shudder slightly. He then pushed his whole cock into her up to the hilt and ground his pelvis in small circular motions. Christine's legs dangled helplessly to each side of Art's body as he screwed her. I moved behind them and watched Art fucking Christine. Art began to come. Christine moaned, "Cream inside me." She pulled his buttocks towards her so as not to spill a drop. With a gasp, Art emptied himself in her. I watched as the base of his cock spasmed and pumped her full of sperm. Christine gasped and stammered, "Good ... warm ... fill me ... deep ... in me." Art let his erection die in her until she squeezed her cunt muscles enough to push his flaccid wet cock out of her. Eventually, Art rolled off her and lay by her side running his hands over the beads of sweat on her breasts. Her nipples were still tight and hard.

She looked over at me and then back at Art. She whispered to him, "I want his cock in me now. Are you sure that's what you want?" Art smiled and said, "He's our friend, give it all to him."

I was unsure of myself now. There didn't seem to be any need for foreplay, after all her cunt was soaked with her own juices and Art's sperm and she had already had one fierce orgasm. She took the initiative. Christine knelt over my body and let her long dark hair fall over my face. She then brushed her breasts against my mouth and said, "Suck them." As I complied I ran my hands over her smooth, round buttocks, dipping my fingers into her peach-like cunt. It was wide open and slick with moisture.

I lifted up her buttocks and I pulled her to my face. I flicked the tip of my tongue against the folds of her cunt until I found her clitoris. It felt like a small marble in a pool of oil. Christine was hot and excited, just the same way that she had been with Art. I was expecting her to slip back and slide herself onto my cock. Instead, she rotated herself on top of me with her buttocks on my chest. She slid her cunt onto my face again and I started teasing the web of skin between her arse and cunt with my tongue. I flicked it back and forwards and teased her buttock cheeks with my teeth as she pushed against my face and started to breath more heavily.

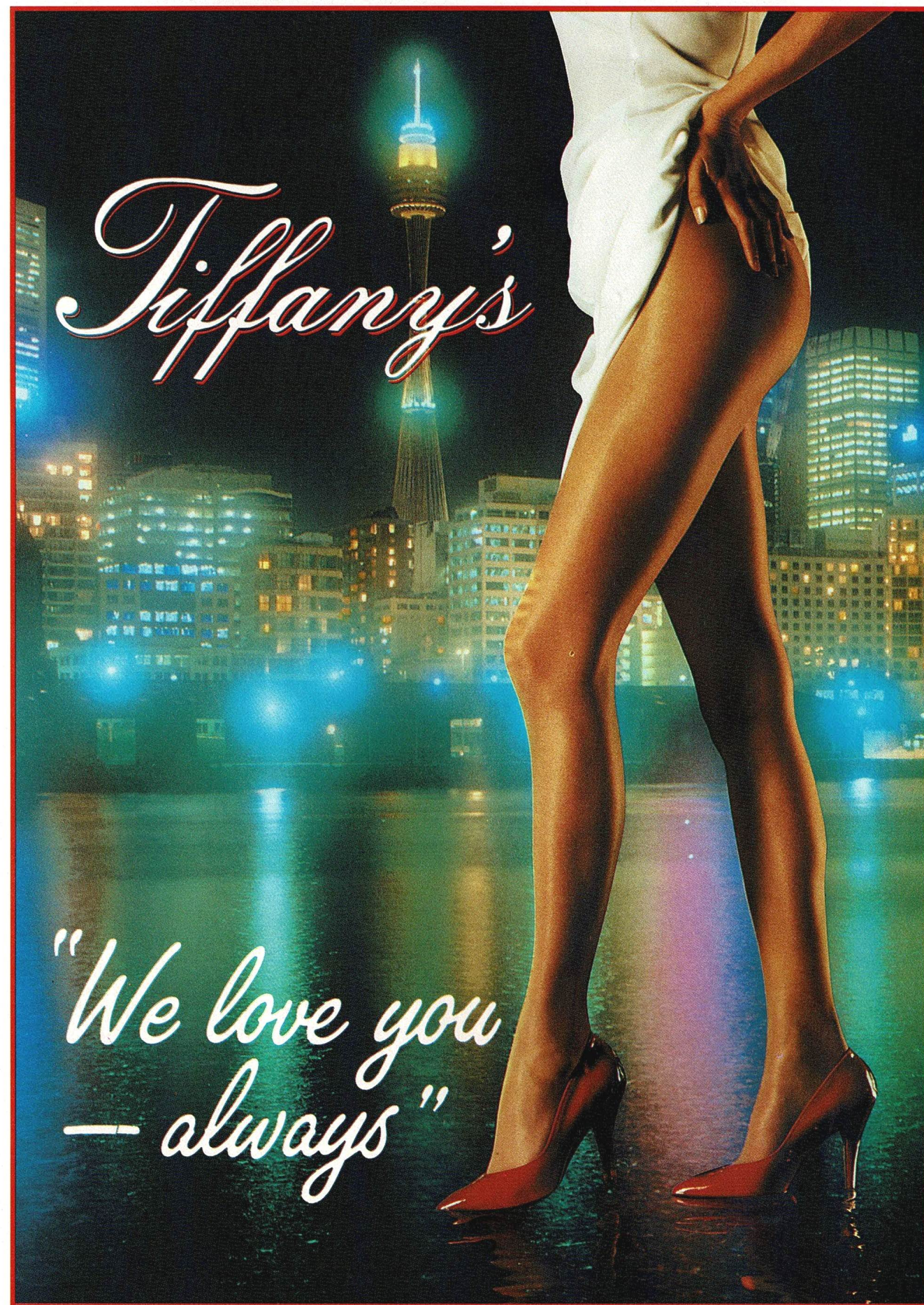
My hands went to her breasts again, pulling her body down onto mine and her face near my cock. I wanted to be

Continued on page 114



A hunting we will go.

JWTREX00037



NIGHT & DAY 99 ALBION ST. SURRY HILLS
(02) 212 1195 (02) 211 3804



LEAN ON ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Lene Hefner knows she's a soft touch. "I'm a sucker for a sob story," says the 23-year-old beauty. "It breaks my heart to see some of the suffering endured by people who deserve better."





Most people aren't to blame for their circumstances, she believes. "Anybody could be a down-and-out. They're just people like you and me, who've had a streak of bad luck."



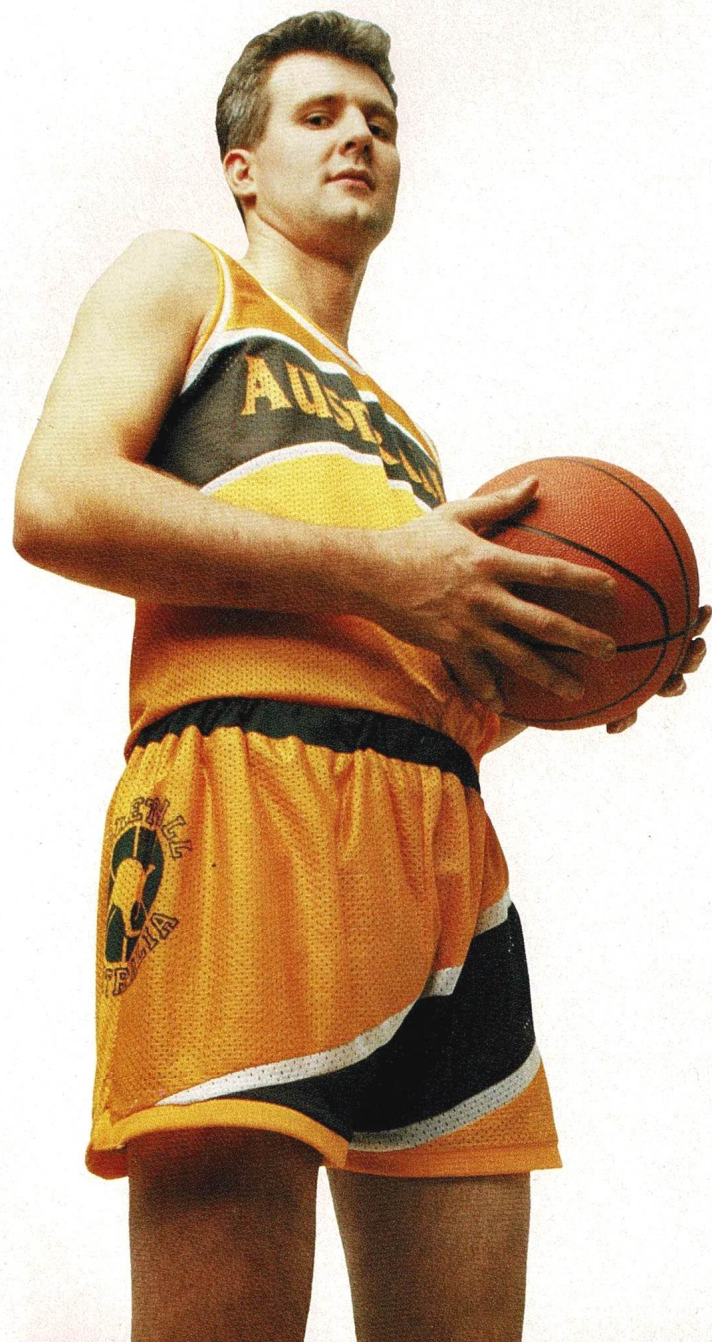


"I know I shouldn't, but sometimes I help people out of my own pocket," says warm-hearted Lene. "I'll give them money for coffee, or even a bed for the night."
A bed for the night?



“If you drink too much
you don't look clever,
you just look small.”

ANDREW GAZE



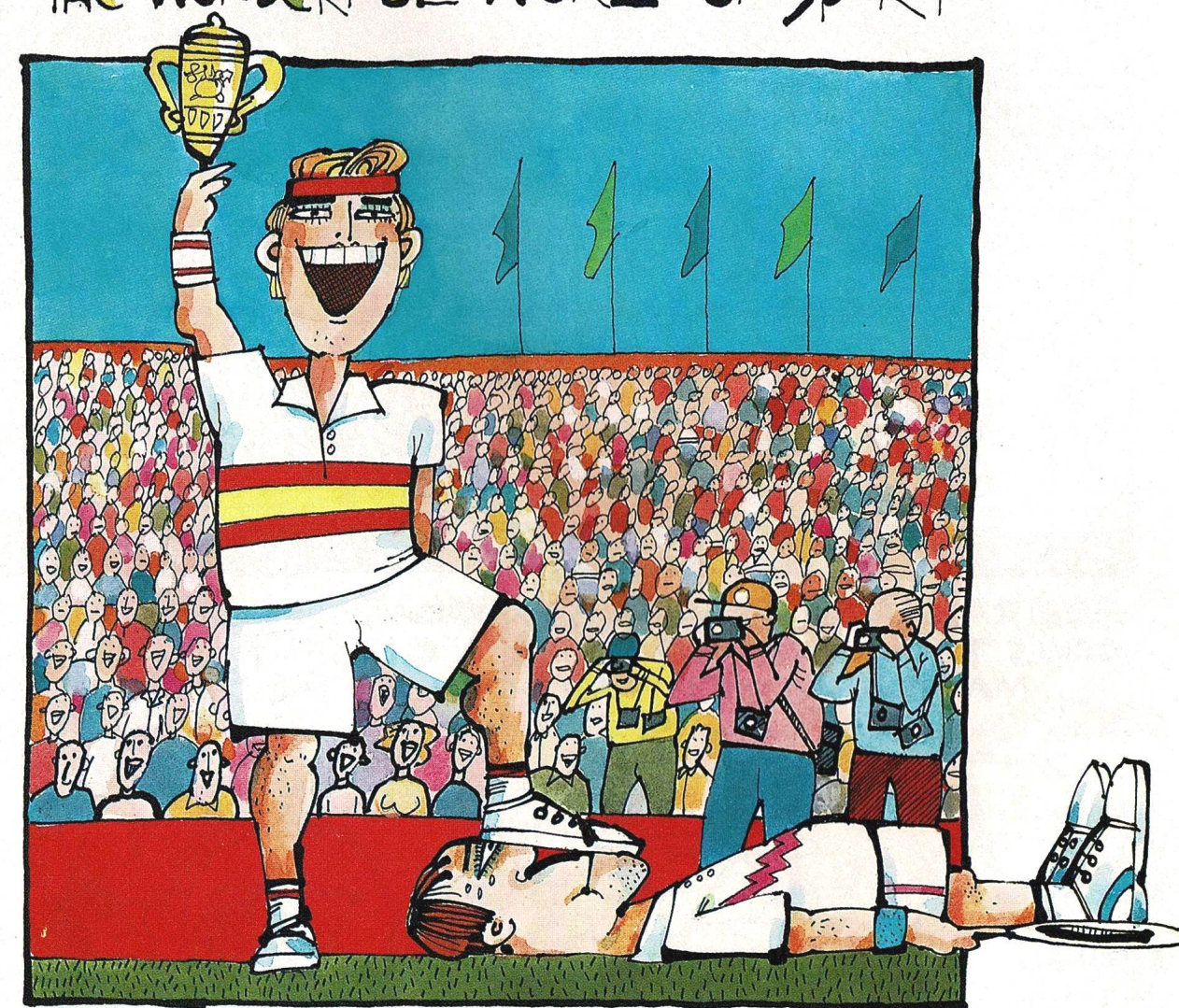
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If you're drinking, keep thinking
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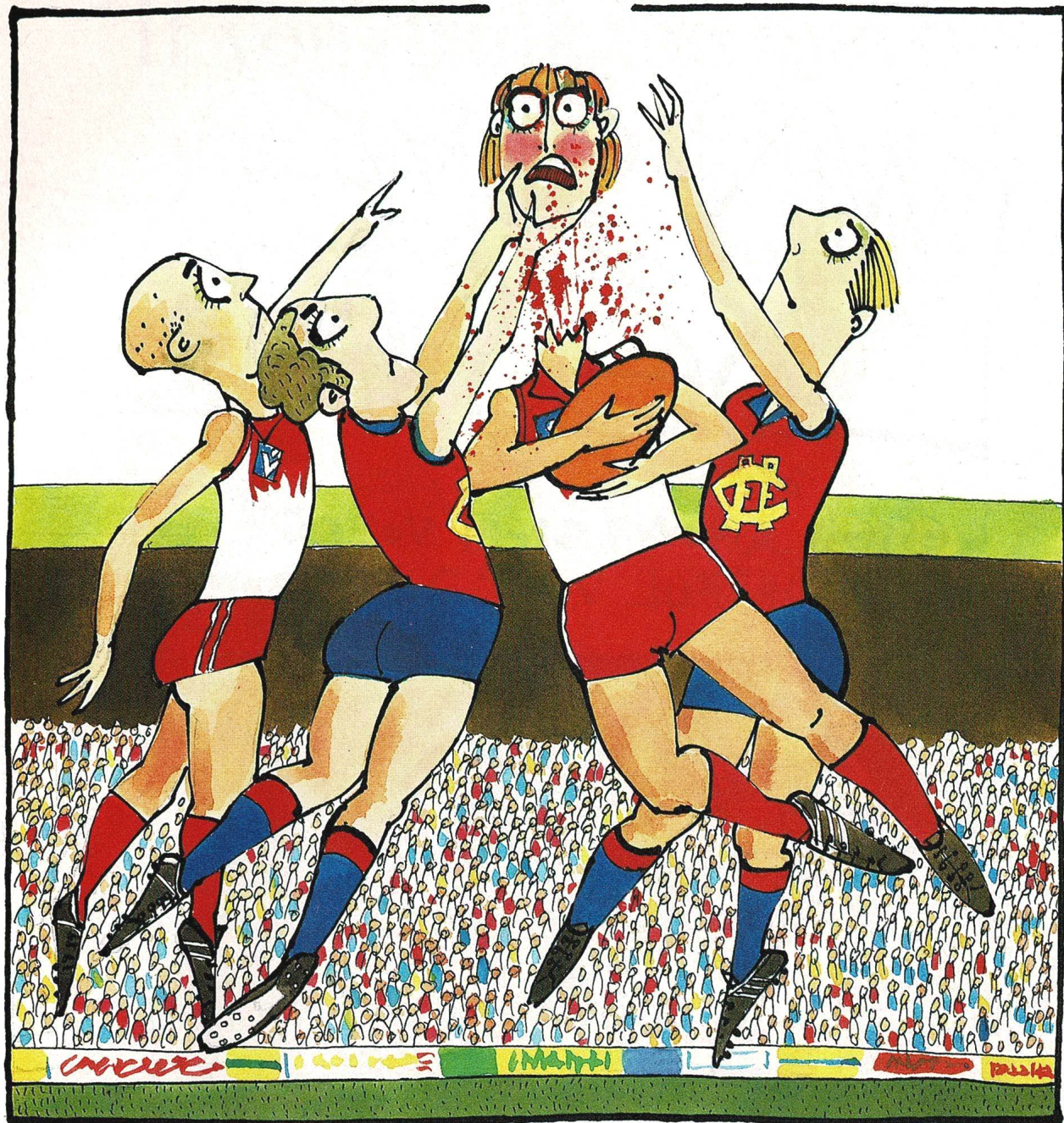
— THE —
**ALCOHOL
INDUSTRY**

WIN SOME
LOSE SOME

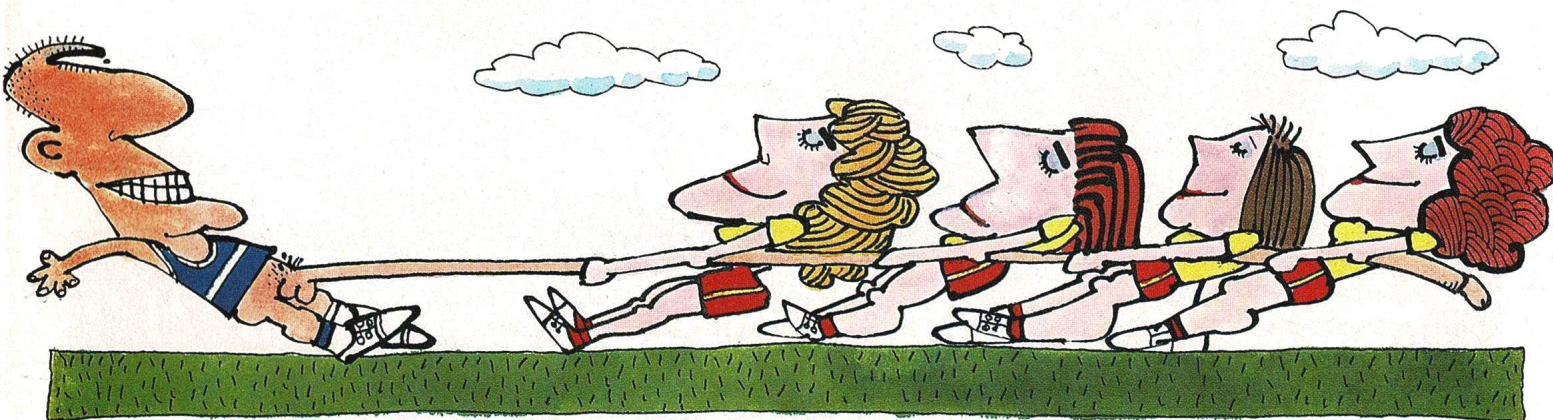
LESSER KNOWN GREAT MOMENTS IN
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



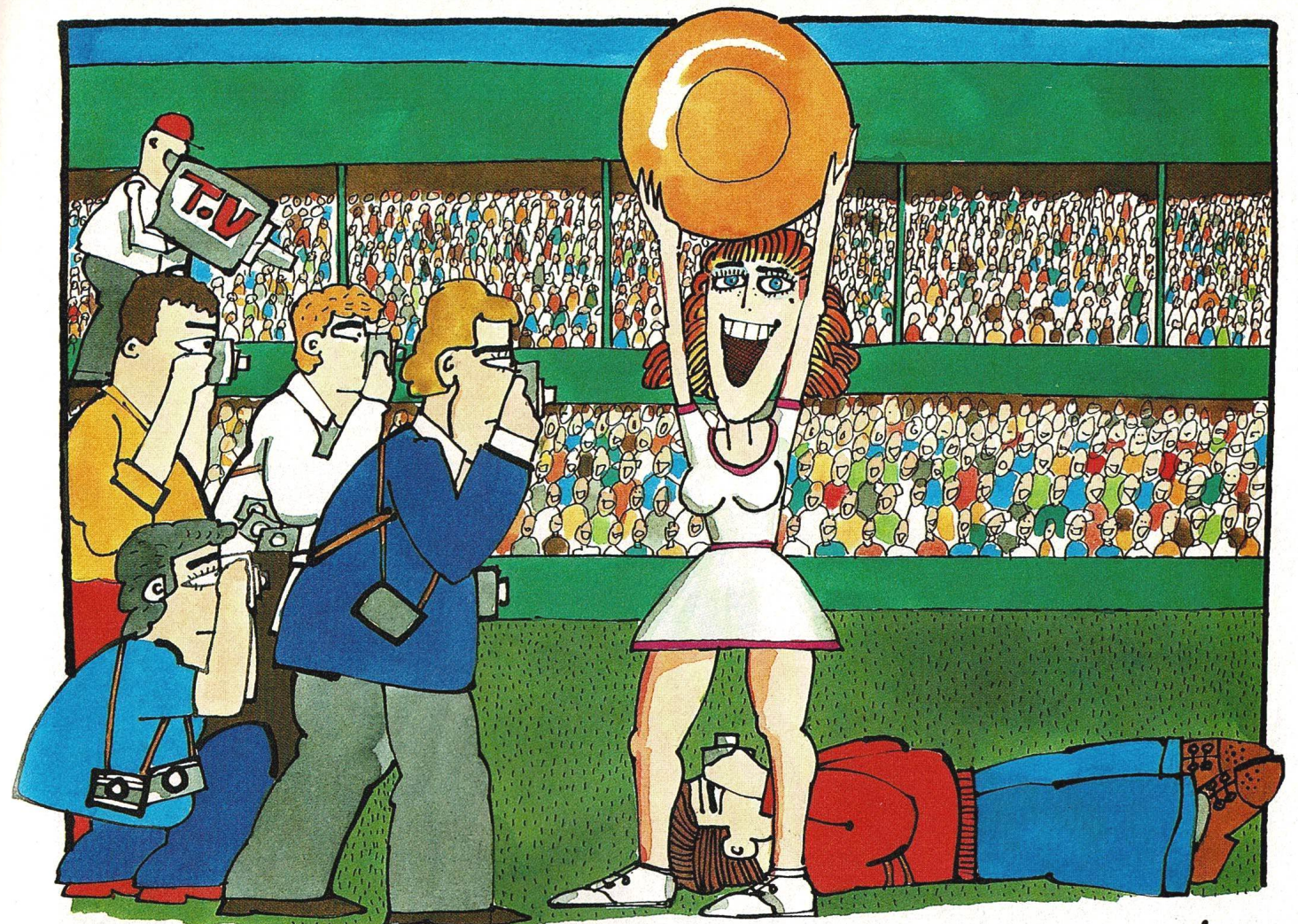
JEROME GASK



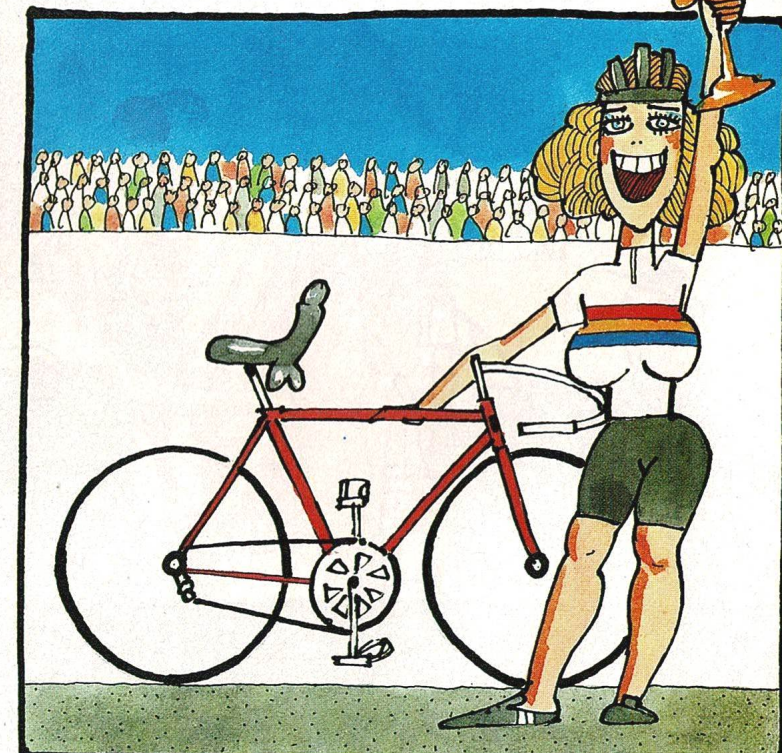
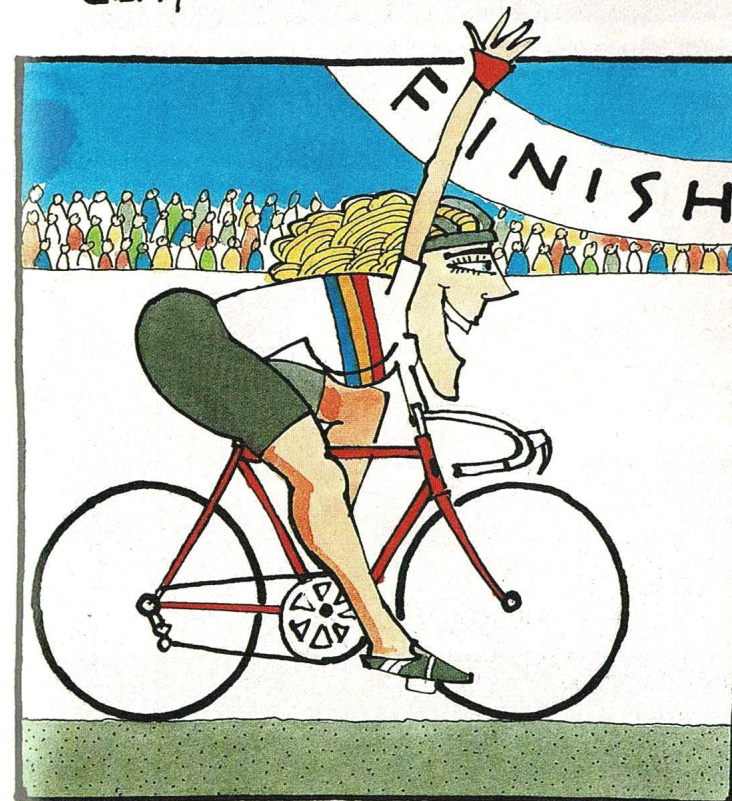
AUSTRALIAN RULES SUPER STAR WALLACE DECAPERS' CAREER COMES TO AN ABRUPT END DURING A CLOSELY CONTESTED MATCH AGAINST HAWTHORN AT THE SCG.



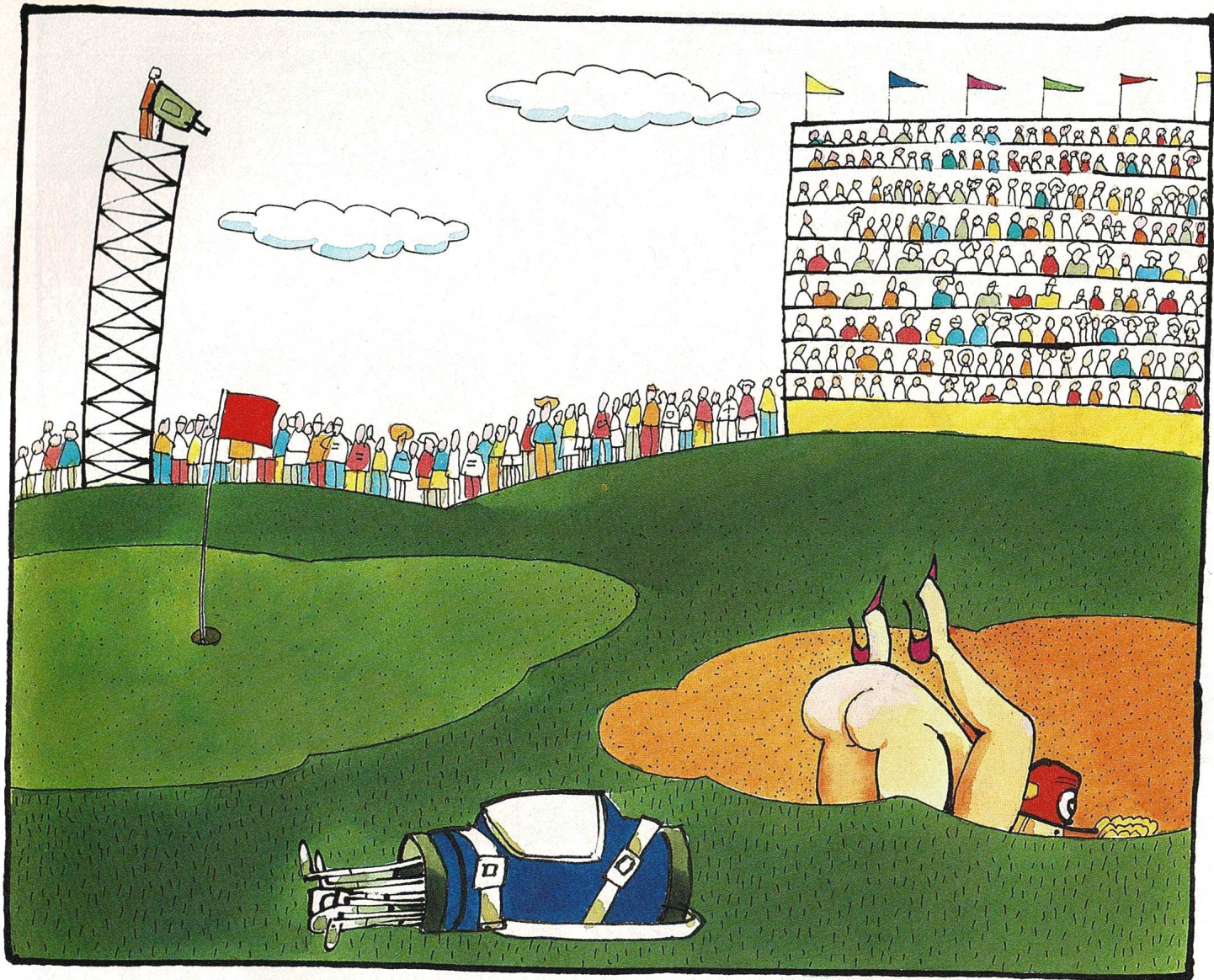
THE WORLD CHAUVINIST PIG TUG OF WAR FINAL



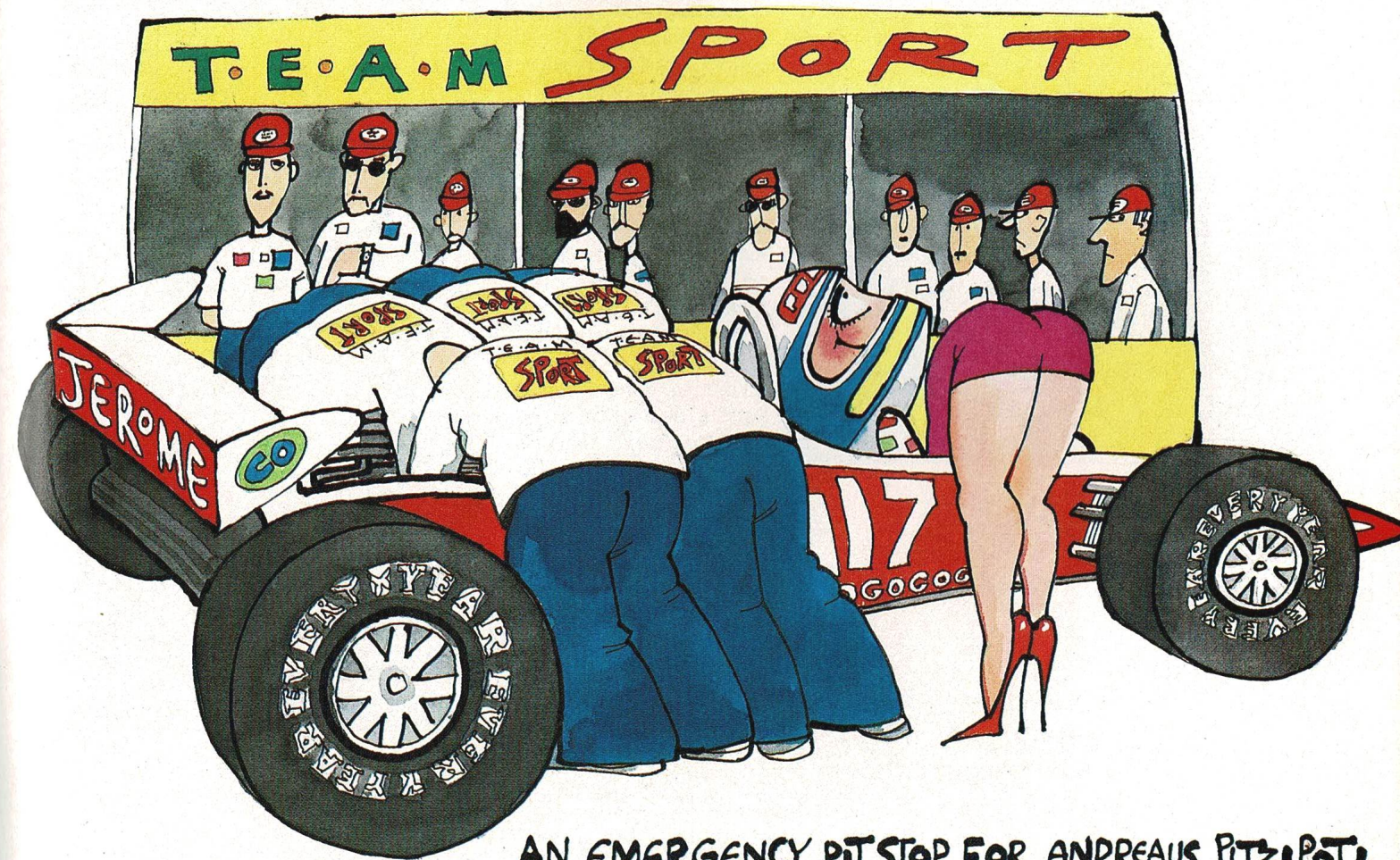
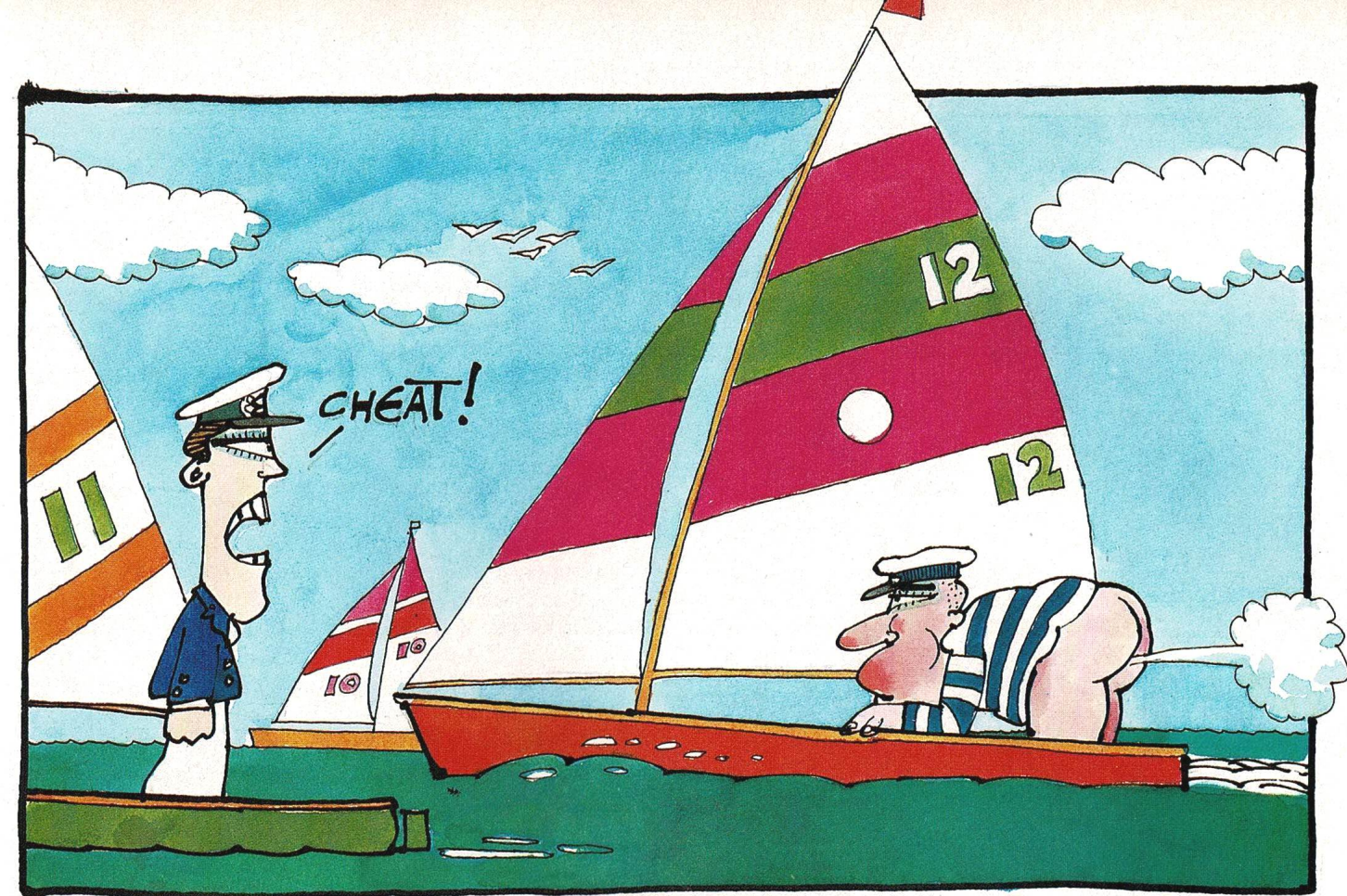
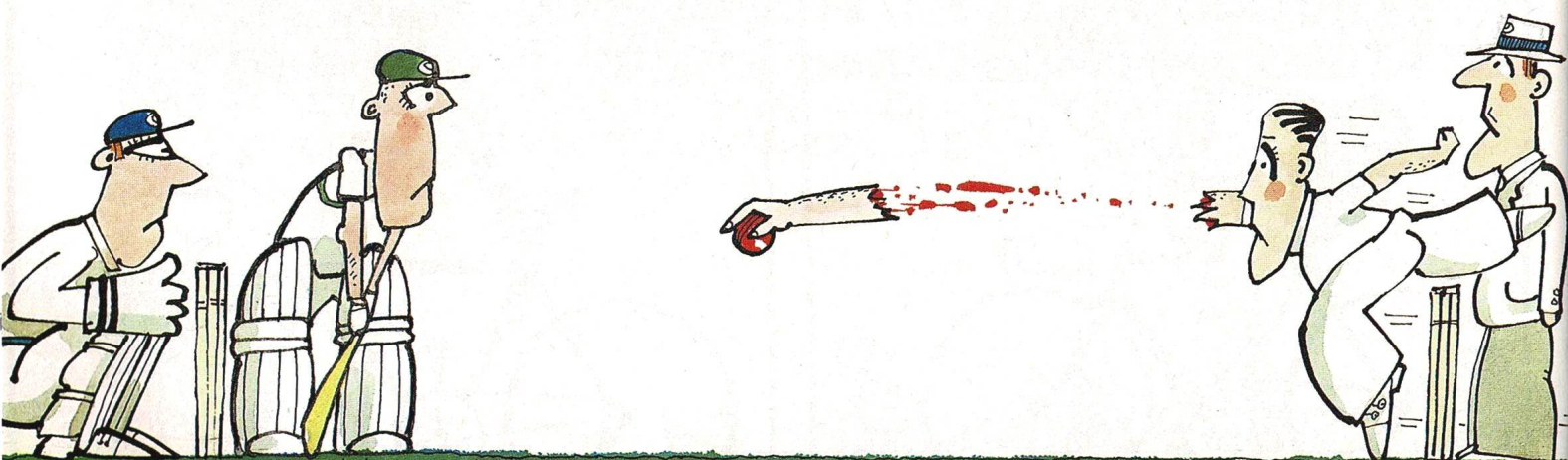
PHOTOGRAPHERS CAPTURE WORLD NUMBER ONE SUPER STAR BETTY NAFFS' ELATION ON WINNING THE WOMAN'S SINGLES FINAL AT WIMBLEDON.



WORLD CHAMPION CYCLIST IRENA STIFF SALUTES THE CROWD AFTER A TRULY BRILLIANT RIDE IN THE WOMAN'S TOUR DE FRANCE.



GREG DAVIES GETS A HOLE IN ONE DURING THE AUSTRALIAN OPEN



AN EMERGENCY PIT STOP FOR ANDREAS PITZPOTI DURING THE AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX IN ADELAIDE.

WIN

Your chance to have a masterpiece for a timepiece!

It's time you looked at your watch — at what it says to you and what it says *about* you. If your timepiece doesn't speak your language, you've got the chance to win a superb La Coupole watch — worth \$2000 — from Swiss company Rado. Rado and *Australian Penthouse* are offering two La Coupoles as prizes — one gent's, and one lady's.

La Coupole is free of frills. All models are made as one

piece. Its gently curved dome of scratch-proof sapphire crystal covers the entire top surface. The integrated crown and elegant bracelet attachments underscore its sophisticated elegance.

This is a Swiss watch of technical design and sophistication that will keep its worth as a piece of jewellery well into the Nineties and beyond.

To enter the *Penthouse*/Rado competition, just read the following information and dial 0055-0629 to answer the two simple questions below.

Founded in 1957, facing competition from countless well-established producers, Rado watches are now brand leaders in the discriminating Swiss domestic market, with a 25-percent market share. Rado is the best-selling Swiss watch in its price range in Japan, and sales are growing fast in America. Now it's Australia's turn.

The late Andy Warhol, when asked why he had chosen the shape of a Rado "Diastar Anatom" to represent a watch in his work, said that the Rado portrayed the image of "timeless beauty" in watchmaking.

Rado's recent speciality has been the use of aesthetic fine ceramics in watchmaking. These ceramics are composed of pulverised zirconium- and yttrium-oxides. The powder mixture is pressed in a mould and heated up to a temperature of 1600 degrees Celsius. During the sintering, the powder coalesces into masses of minimum porosity, thus guaranteeing a high ultimate breaking strength.

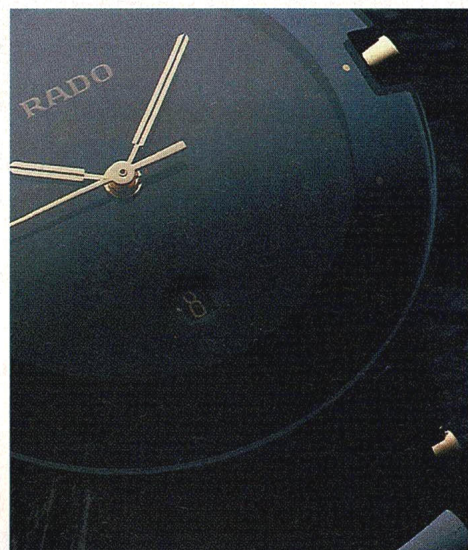
In the sintering process, Rado's distinctive colour comes into being. It's colour that lives — the nuances are

perceived differently according to the lighting conditions. The silken brilliance of the finish comes from polishing with diamond powder.

Before leaving the factory, every Rado watch is subjected to a series of the most rigorous tests and controls. And Rado watches are backed up by an exclusive international after-sales service network.

To win a watch that will last you a lifetime, ring 00555-0629 and answer these two questions:

1. What year was Rado founded?
2. Which famous pop artist incorporated the shape of a Rado watch in his work?



CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for entries is the 24th of December, 1992. The winners of the prizes will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. Two correct entries will be drawn from all the correct entries received. Those entrants will be the winners. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all the rules and conditions.

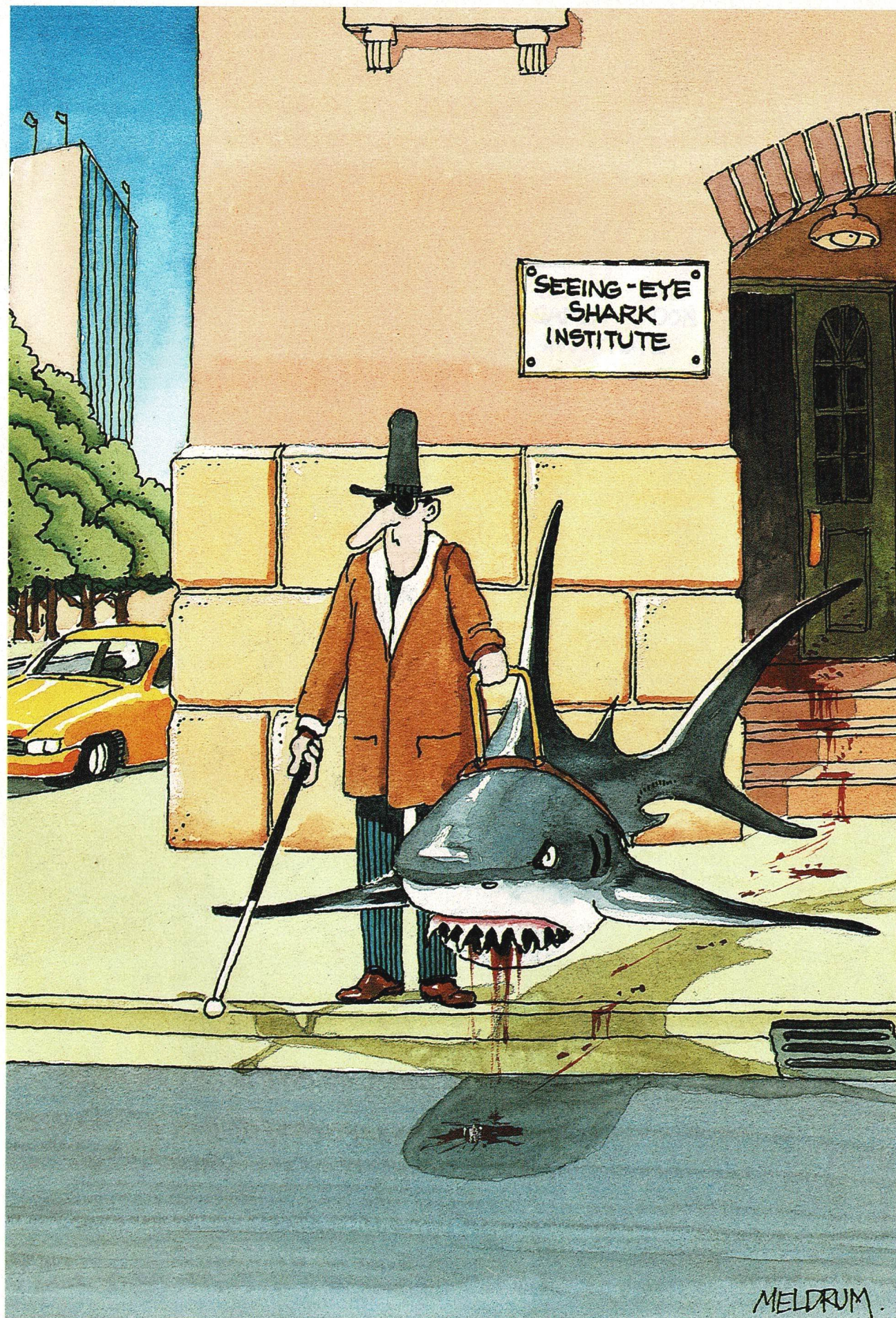
The promoters, Rado and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestants for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents, or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non supply of any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Rado competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

The competition is brought to you by Rado and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Permit no. TC 92/3778

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

INPHO-Max. call charge 50 cents



muscle

Continued from page 40

But all the bodies spoken to in the process of this story point to the growth of steroid use for cosmetic reasons as the major problem to be addressed. The concern expressed by the AMA, customs and ASDA, is that the social, or cosmetic, use of steroids is so potentially huge that it will become a serious social problem before anyone can even define it, let alone deal with the ramifications.

These social problems don't just involve huge clitorises, shrivelled testicles and cardio-vascular difficulties. They involve the psychological problems that range from aggressive rages and paranoia to fully blown schizophrenia and withdrawal symptoms. The social problems involve questions of the underlying reasons for a 15-year-old school kid taking synthetic hormones to turn him into an over-muscled behemoth.

Police now agree with the Customs Service that the social use of steroids is a problem of fashion and vanity.

Sergeant Chris Bult of the Gaming Squad has written articles on steroids for in-house police publications. He says steroid abuse has trickled down from elite athletes to power-lifters and then to bouncers. The latest problem area for steroid use is among young people because it is fashionable to have big muscles.

"The problem is large and it is

increasing, but we have no idea how big it really is. I'm not a sociologist, but social use of steroids is on the increase because of fashion.

"The very worrying thing is the bad side effects of steroids. I'm sure there's many people who just don't realise that."

Several social steroid users spoke to *Australian Penthouse* in the course of this story. All the people who spoke to the magazine showed a cheery disregard for the side-effects of steroid abuse, although most of them considered blood and liver tests four or five times a year to be a smart move.

Brian (named changed) is a normal and likable enough bloke in his early thirties. He rides motorbikes and chases women — and he has the muscle development of a body-conscious person who has been on steroids for the better part of ten years. For a man of average height, he is huge and very healthy-looking. He says he started taking steroids to help heal his body after a motorcycle accident. Over the next ten years he continued taking steroids like sustenon, tribolan and dianabol.

"After three weeks on steroids and training, you can see the difference — you get huge. I have always done it with medical supervision. I have experienced slightly smaller balls while on steroids, and I once had a problem with aggression, but basically they're very safe. It's like anything in life — use and abuse. There are body builders who've been on the gear for 30 years, and they look 20-years younger.

"There are high school kids who want steroids, but I tell them 'no.' I tell them to train for four years before trying steroids."

Another steroid user says people will always want the muscle drugs because they work.

"Once you've got big on steroids, you'll always want to be like that. You get more respect from people, women are more attracted to you because you look good, and so you feel better about yourself. That's why people take them. It's a natural reaction."

A former bodybuilder told us how the gym life became an obsession that eventually lead her to steroids just to keep up with the body-conscious scene. After taking Sustenon 250 and Deca for the two years she lived with her body-building, steroid-taking boy friend, the 27-year-old gave up the muscle drugs because of the strange side-effects. She had discovered that her clitoris had grown to four centimetres in length and that facial hair growth have accelerated alarmingly. She now makes her living showing women how to improve their physiques naturally.

Other people, who don't use steroids but have a user as a flatmate, friend or family member, spoke to *Penthouse*. They told of unpredictable behaviour, often violent, that the steroid user would later profusely apologise for. One person with a steroid-using flatmate said: "You can tell when he's on the gear, you can see it in his eyes. It looks like he's about to do something really crazy, and he usually does."

The people who spoke to this magazine said steroids were easy to get hold of either through dealers at a gym or health professionals willing to write prescriptions or sell the drugs under the counter.

One person claimed there were more than 30 doctors in Sydney alone who would prescribe steroids for various apparent medical problems.

There can be difficulties with counterfeit steroids sold as the real thing, fake steroids that don't work and vet supplies sold as human steroids. But with a good contact, steroid supply is not a problem.

What is a problem is the growing use of a drug that is tailor made for the body-conscious Nineties and has already found its way into high school culture.

There are penalties and fines for illegal prescription and possession of steroids, and ASDA is planning education campaigns for schools on the dangers of the drugs. But that may not be enough to stop what is basically a problem of vanity. Steroid abuse, especially by young people, looks set to become more widespread before it is ever solved. 

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Continued from page 54

ask? "They're pretty well integrated," both gentlemen reply. "Austen is a fearless Sandy."

What are Sandy's fears?

For a moment I can actually see through the dark glasses into a pair of warm and astonishingly compassionate brown eyes. Sandy Gutman is Jewish and he explains softly how since his father died two years ago he's become "a bit obsessed by the Holocaust. I can't come to terms with it. Taking innocent people by the tens of thousands and making them dig their own graves ...

"There was a process of dehumanisation that made the Jews equivalent to rats or something, but there's no way you could think a human being was less than nothing if you've got enough sanity."

Sandy says his father, who after the war ended up importing watches off the Germans, was "right into the work ethic because he went through such horror. He needed to develop a real security so he worked his guts out."

"He was in all of the concentration camps — he had a terrible time. I get very emotional about it sometimes. To understand how it feels just imagine it happening to someone in your family."

Sandy hails from Vaucluse which, as he says, is one of the Sydney suburbs, but claims he was "never a spoilt brat." He's been seen hanging out with the trendoid tribe, but says, "most of my friends are losers. The real successful people don't do much for me."

He's had stacks of boring jobs like cab driving ("terrifyingly tedious"), dry-cleaning factory gophering and bank clerk grovelling, where he spent "most of the time smoking cigarettes in the stairwell watching the clock." Gutman also dropped out of dentistry school after 18 months. "Nobody should ever try it — it should have a label on it: 'DANGER'. It's full of bores," he says, unable to help sniggering at his atrocious pun.

Expecting a hotbed of radical groovy ideas, he got into the Australian Film and Television School, only to find it was infested with feminists and bureaucrats. "We had meetings every minute over whether we should call some guy a cameraperson," he snarls. Feminists don't flock to Austen Tayshus gigs. "The Australian male's attitude to women is a shocker," he says. "But it's because men intrinsically realise women are very powerful, and it's this power men react against. Very few women are aware that they have the power but if they were they wouldn't need this whole aggressive feminist thing."

At film school Sandy made movies

which reveal a certain surreal bent even then. *The End* was about a professional mourner who was fired for laughing at the funerals, before finding God in a cockroach and starting a religion based around that urban guerrilla of insects.

"Funeral parlours do employ professional mourners for people who had no friends," he says. "It's probably the worst job around apart from working at McDonalds. They should stop exploiting acne. They pay people with skin problems three dollars an hour because nobody else will employ them."

There's a trace of Sandy's father's work ethic in his boast of being the "hardest working comic" of his generation. "These other guys are just lying back. You don't just go and do the audience that love you. You play to the audience that is tough."

For two years Austen Tayshus has

“
Funeral parlours do
employ professional
mourners for
people who had no
friends
”

been an ostentatious bankrupt. In his comic routine he recommends the move as an ideal way of pissing off creditors, but privately he blames the sordid affair on the bank which, he says, went for him because he was famous: "I just had couple of months that were very spare. I would have been able to pay it and they knew that."

The BNZ, who began proceedings after Austen skipped two payments on an \$11,000 debt, refused to comment, other than to say "that doesn't seem very fair of Mr Tayshus."

Austen explains that he'd been "investing a lot of money" in himself. "I stayed in good hotels and I flew around the world a lot, but I was never extravagant." Eventually, when all the creditors were accounted for, he went down for "a hundred grand, which isn't a lot of money. I don't think a lot of the guys I owed money to even cared. Amex were a bit pissed off."

"I didn't have money stashed away in a Swiss bank account like some people do," says Austen darkly. "I'm barely scraping by."

He almost sounds down for a moment or two. Then he perks right up. He says he's recently been offered a part by Australian director Phil Noyce (*Dead Calm*, *Patriot Games*) in the movie of the best-selling Ira Levin novel *Sliver*.

Sliver's apparently also set to star Sharon Stone. I can't help mentioning several of the movie possibilities he's banged on about over the years. Looking uncomfortable beneath the Ray Bans, he mutters something about all those still pending. What about the one with you and Dom De Luise?

"They rewrote it for Bette Midler and Whoopi Goldberg," he snaps. Austen, who claims Crocodile Tayshus was stolen from him by Paul Hogan — "the man's got big ego problems" — has always wanted to make the Australian movie. "There's a certain dry, laconic Aussie humour that's never really been captured on film," he muses. "Australian cinema sucks. It's just so fucking dull." And he's off on yet another incisive, insightful rave, sure to lose friends and inflame people.

"People are alienated by Sandy," sighs comedian Mandy Saloman. "He's extraordinarily talented but there's a self regulation in the comic industry and people don't transgress certain areas." Except Austen. Most Australian comics don't do Aboriginal accents. The two who do are Ernie Dingo and Austen Tayshus. The pair collaborated on a Aboriginal land rights parody called *Highway Corobboree*.

"Sandy is the Bruce Springsteen of comedy," claims Saloman. "He physically tires an audience. He provokes them, pushes them to the edge and then wins them back again." She agrees with Birmingham that Austen/Sandy's failing is his refusal to tone down his act for television. "He's popular and he'll pack out any venue he's at, but when it comes to *Vizard*, *Hey Hey It's Saturday* and all the other TV opportunities for comics, he gets stonewalled."

"One can't be sure Sandy's going to play by the rules." So the guy can't be relied upon not to offend the genteel lady audience of the *Midday Show*, or to upstage *Vizard* — is this a bad thing?

Austen, of course, claims not to give a fuck. "I've managed for twelve years now to be someone who's spoken about," he says.

"I'm recognised everywhere I go. My career is still going. I'm going to go to America, kill it over there and then come back here."

Clearly we haven't heard the last of Austen Tayshus, but for when we do, he has his own idea of what the monument to his memory should be: "I want a huge, massive 50 foot headstone in black marble, with angels and gargoyles on top, all that sort of thing, and it would say: 'Here Lies a Man of Great Humility.'" 

Pure Gold.

(Need we say more?)

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ou Want This Christmas?

A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair and light-colored eyes. She is wearing a black strapless bodysuit, black gloves, and a wide, multi-strand diamond choker. She is posing with her hands near her chest, looking directly at the camera. The background is dark, and she is sitting on a white surface. The text "ou Want This Christmas?" is printed in large, bold, white letters at the top left of the page.

BLACK LABEL

EDITION

die yuppie DiE!

Continued from page 60

screeching like I was ripping it's tyres off, and out comes Mr Yuppie in his Country Road pyjamas. "Call the police," he thundered as he grabbed me under the arms and tried to think what a Queensland copper would do next. It's an ugly story but I was rescued before he could run me over.

YUPPIES ARE TERRIFIED OF BEING OUT OF TOUCH

You know the sort of communication system the president of the USA has? Well Yuppies consider one similar to be appropriate to their needs. They have call diversion and easicall so their phone need never be engaged. They never know when it could be their architect ringing with a stunning new idea for the renovation of their bedroom wardrobe. They have an answering machine complete with drongo messages to grab all the hot invitations they hanker after. They have a pager so VIPs can bleep them at the opera and make them feel like Somebody Important. And, of course, they have a carphone so they can look cool while they meander all over

the motorway. The only problem is that nobody calls them anymore.

YUPPIES ARE CHARITABLE

They actually believe charity begins at the office — where they already gave. They'd like to kick the arse of anyone who asks them for money on the street but it's integral to their self-image to be seen in the social dicklicking pages of the local rag attending charity functions. So long as they're tax deductible. An unwashed communist who lives down the road from me recently had his squat renovated by a Yuppie for free. Well, the front of it anyhow. The hovel now has a designer mailbox, Swiss window boxes with tulips, terra cotta tiling and a peach paint job. Bill, the communist who squats there, is delighted and the Yuppie next door is relieved that the street's property values haven't been compromised.

YUPPIES DO WHAT THEY'RE TOLD

As arch consumers, Yuppies have no opinions of their own. Unaware that style writers are members of the hack pack, droolingly rewriting press releases in the hope of massive freebies, Yuppies slavishly follow their every edict. They don't just read trendy new books — they embody them. In the past Yuppies scoffed

enough filo pastry, cajun food, pesto, sun-dried tomatoes etc to sink a battleship, but as soon as these foods reach the supermarket the Yuppies are out of there.

They wear designer clothes to give themselves an identity. I will never forget a Yuppette I once saw at the airport. She was labelled with more than ten different designer names. Chanel was written across her sunnies, Louis Vuitton on her luggage, Trent Nathan on her T-shirt, Peirre Cardin on her jacket, Gucci on the shoes and so on ... it was as if she were pleading to the onlooker, "Please tell me who I am?"

YUPPICIDE

This isn't a pleasant job, but we'd all love to have a go. So what do you do when confronted by one? Short of doing time for offing one of the bastards — although no reasonable judge would convict you — we recommend a simple but fool-proof method. They live in fear of being exposed and though subtlety ain't their strong point, even Yuppies have sufficient nouse to realise that having "Yuppie" spat at them is not a compliment. Just point at the offender, arm outstretched, and bellow, "DIE, YUPPIE DIE" and hopefully he'll do as he's told. ☉



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Annie Kerr is a nice girl. "I'm the quiet, bookish type," says the 22-year-old arts student. "I stay home most nights, reading the classics and listening to my music."



At weekends, Annie works in a carwash only minutes from her parents home. "I'd prefer to do something like librarianship," she says, "but I'm not really qualified. Still, it's good for me to be out meeting people, and you certainly meet all sorts at the carwash."



Sometimes a customer catches her eye: "It's usually a young bloke in a battered old car. I don't go for the men in Jags and Mercedes. They tend to think they're God's gift." And if she likes a driver and they start talking? "I'll pass the time of day," she says, "but that's as far as it goes. Nice girls don't." Don't they? "Well, maybe sometimes they might ..."





MOST FISHERMEN
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THE GENUINE SHAKESPEARE



**Ugly
Stik**
RODS

runners-up

Continued from page 90

sucked so badly, I was about to beg her out loud. She ran the full length of my cock against her cheek and started teasing my scrotum with her teeth which sent tingles of pleasure through me. At the same time she gripped my cock and firmly pulled it up and down whilst

she was licking my crotch. Quickly, she put the tip of my cock in her mouth and pretended to bite the tip. Pulling back the skin, she enveloped half its length in her hot mouth and pushed her head up and down. It felt like a tight, hot wet little cunt and I closed my eyes with pleasure. I could feel her teeth rasping on the tip as it passed through her lips.

It drove me wild and I wanted to fuck her and pour my load of come deep inside her cunt. My cock started

to twitch and she knew I was near to orgasm. Sensing this, she half turned herself towards Art and took his soft cock fully into her mouth. She arched her back downwards and pulled me, with one arm, up behind her in a kneeling position. I looked down on her beautiful back and buttocks. The cheeks of her arse were spread and her cunt lips were glistening and open. I pushed myself in her easily and gently at first. The urge became greater and I pushed hard. The length of her cunt stretched to fit me in and I felt pressure at the end of my cock as I reached the end of her cunt. I pushed hard and started to stroke into her with a deep rhythm which made her give out little girlish grunts of pleasure as I pushed the last inches of my cock deep in her. Breathless, she stopped sucking Art and had her head turned back looking up at me. Art was watching too, fascinated at the hard fucking his wife was getting from my cock.

I slid an index finger into her tight anus. It slipped in easily at first, she tightened on my finger, until she relaxed and I pushed it gently but deeply into her. As I pushed my cock into her I could feel its ridge moving up and down her cunt through the thin wall of flesh between her cunt and my finger. She moved herself away and I withdrew my finger. I felt a tingle of pleasure in my balls and a warm feeling deep at the base of my cock. I knew I was coming and gave her several deep, urgent strokes. At first she gasped, then she shouted out with absolute abandon and ground her buttocks against me. I felt a surge of come from inside me. I held her waist tight with my hands, not letting her move away from me as I gave in to the animal urge to inseminate her. I held my cock in her and let it pump the last few drops.

Eventually, I pulled myself out of her. I caressed her and apologised in case I had hurt her. Christine smiled at me, already rubbing Art's cock, and said, "Go to your room now, I'll be serving an early breakfast." — *Name and address withheld*

Photo buff

My girlfriend and I enjoy erotic pleasures of the photographic kind. We had done several shoots in the privacy of our home, this was the first one outdoors.

We carried our gear down the track to our chosen destination. It was ideal: sunlight filtered through the rainforest and the river lapped gently against the large rocks at its edge.

I loaded the cameras, one with colour film, one with black and white, and the trusty Polaroid for instant replays. Diane applied make up and styled her hair.

Continued on page 122

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BLACK LABEL

lingerie

BUYER'S GUIDE

It's happened to every one of us, that momentary glimpse of a lacy piece of underwear, peeking out from under the folds of a business-like, sensible fabric. The delicate garment almost seems to be coy, shifting mischievously in and out of view as she moves.

Lingerie is no longer the stuff of secluded trysts or limited lacy liaisons, only to be exhumed from the piles of cotton undies for special occasions.

The beige bra and bland knickers should no longer be the staple undergarb of today's woman. Lingerie need not only be limited to the infrequent, yet widely appreciated G-string and suspenders. Delicate, sensual fabrics presented in provocative, flattering yet revealing designs are rapidly becoming the sexy modern face of lingerie.

Lingerie is no longer content to be concealed, conservative and controlled.

Garments like this make both the women wearing them and the men for whom they are being worn more aware of the woman's sexuality. Modern day lingerie is being worn more

ostentatiously than its staid former counterparts that lingered in the realms of the unspoken and unacknowledged. Thanks to the use of fabrics like gingham, tartan and flannel, lingerie is now worn as an outer garment, often with devastating effect.

Women are now wearing their lingerie everyday. Under their business skirts, they wear silk camisoles to the office, they wear their French knickers beneath track suits, they wear form fitting bodysuits while doing the garden and why not? They don't seem to mind and neither do their men. Accordingly, *Australian Penthouse* is proud to announce its exclusive range of exceptional Black Label

lingerie. These high-quality items are available by mail order. This ensures complete confidentiality as well as saving clients the embarrassment of personally making a purchase from a lingerie store. This lingerie range consists of imaginative and provocative matching sets as well as flattering, high-cut individual pieces that are as comfortable to wear as they are erotic to view. Black Label lingerie is affordable, sexy and available only through *Australian Penthouse's* exclusive mail order offer. This lingerie will no doubt bedazzle, bemuse and bewitch, so sample some of the range and **see page 120 for mail order details.**



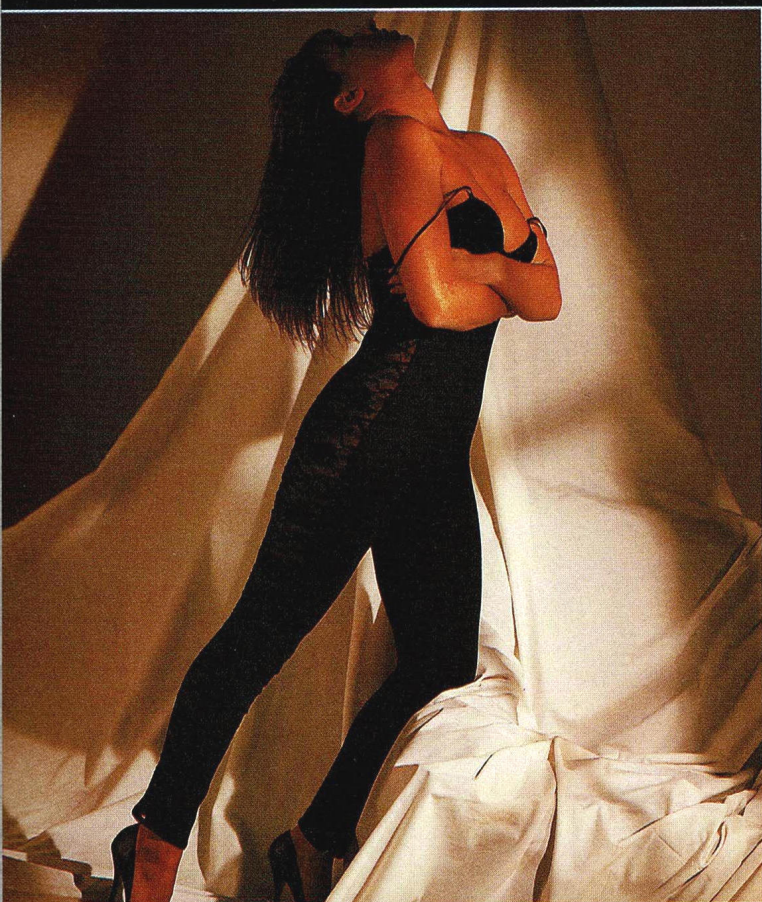
BLACK LABEL LINGERIE CATALOGUE

Clockwise from top left: Michelle shows us the "Selena Catsuit" — a cotton, lycra with stretch-lace side panels. Sizes: 10-16, and fits B to D cup. \$73.00. Item no. **X015**. Colours: Black or white.

Annie relaxes in the "Sweetheart." This long-sleeved full brief bodysuit made of Cotton lycra and stretch net is available in basic black only. Sizes: 10 to 16. \$59.00. Item no. **X011**. Also available in a G-string bodysuit. \$57.00. Item no. **X010**.

The "Janelle", modelled here by Annie, is the classic combination of classic French knickers and underwire bra, both made of imported lace and cotton voile. Sizes: 10 to 16 and A-D cups. The bra is \$45.00, Item no. **C015** and the knickers are \$33.00, Item no. **C016**. Colours: Black or white

The girls model the seductive "Marl." Marl is a 100-percent cotton and lace, G-string bodysuit with adjustable straps and comes in cool grey only. Sizes: S-M-L \$51.00. Item no. **C004**. Marl can also come in a full brief bodysuit in sizes 10-16. \$53.00. Item no. **C005**.



The lovely Michelle Gray, Pet of the Month March 1990, models the "Vamp", a high neck bodysuit made of cotton lycra with imported lace V-front insert. Available in black or white, and sizes, small, medium or large, this sensual outfit is certain to set desires aflame and vamp-up any liaison. \$53.00. Item no. **X020**.

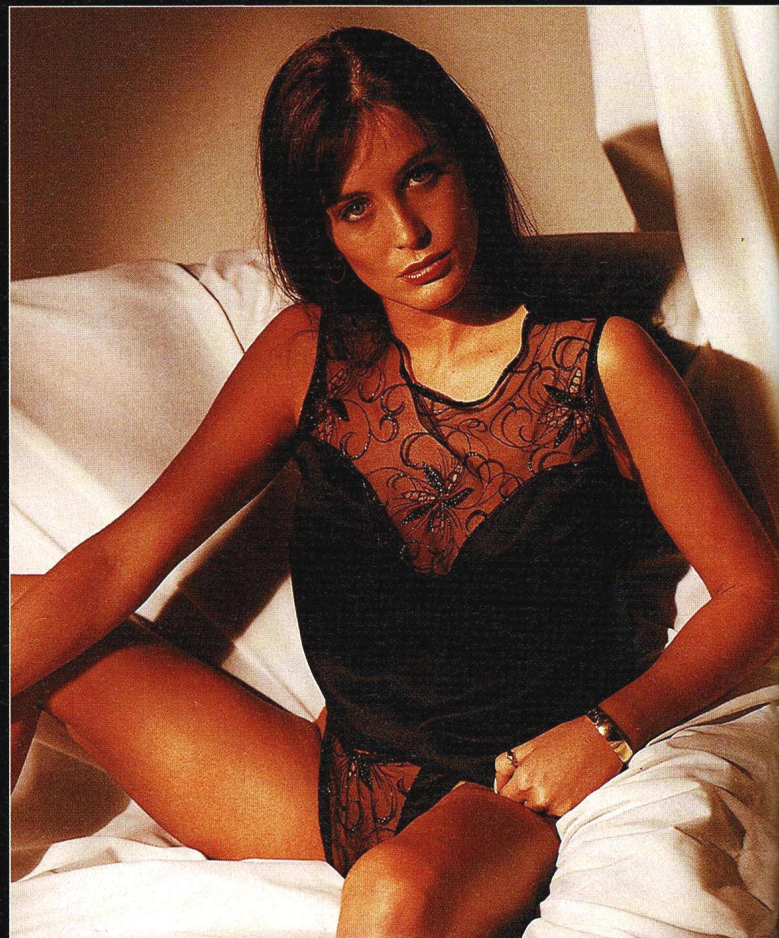
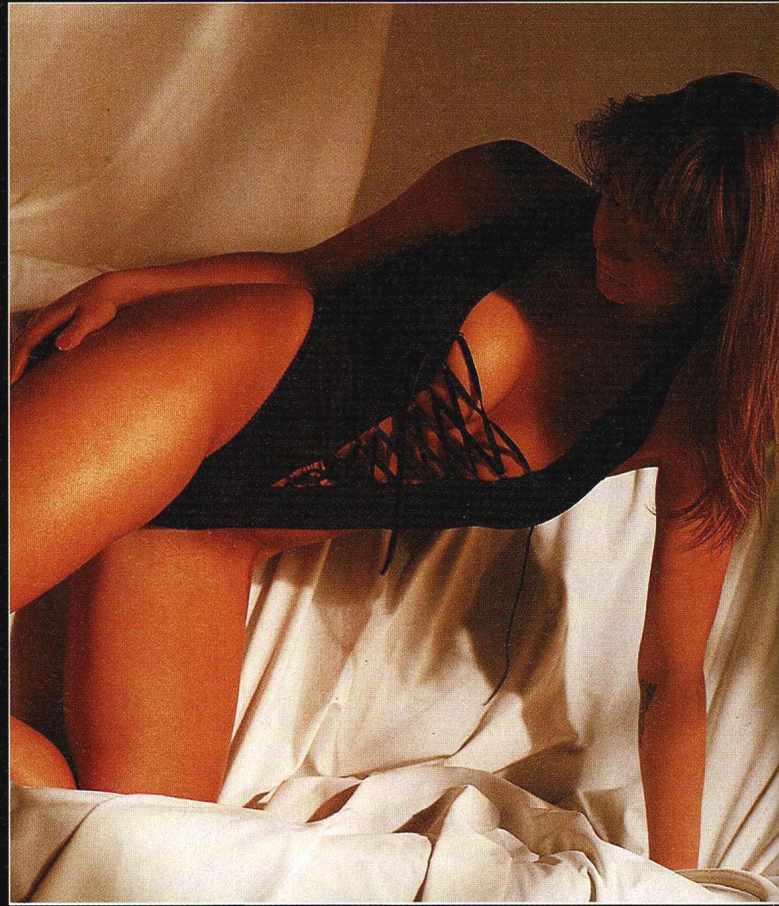
BLACK LABEL LINGERIE CATALOGUE

Clockwise from top left: Michelle's ensemble consists of a tartan taffeta polyester and stretch lace, G-string bodysuit and stretch-lace stocking tops. Known as the "Lassie", the bodysuit comes in red tartan only. Sizes: 10 to 16. Fits A to D cups. \$69.00. Item no. **T001**. The stocking tops are available in black or white and in sizes small, medium or large. \$10.00. Item no. **Q010**. Also available in: underwire bustiere sizes 10 to 16, A to D cups. Item no. **T002**. \$65.00, and hi-cut brief. Sizes 10-16. \$24.00. Item no. **T003**.

Annie shows off a lace-up, G-string bodysuit in cotton lycra. Available in black or white. Sizes: S-M-L \$49.00. Item no. **X025**.

Michelle sports the very tempting "Wasp", which is a combination of imported embroidered net and satin top and matching high-cut briefs. The Wasp is available in sizes 10 to 16 and basic black only. The top costs \$56.00. Item no. **Z001**. And the briefs are \$24.00. Item no. **Z003**. The Wasp is also available in a high-cut G-string. \$22.00. Item no. **Z002**.

Proving that simple can be very sexy, Michelle shows off the seductive "Lola." The sleep set is made up of satin polyester boxer shorts and a midriff top. The set is available in royal blue or hot pink. Sizes: S-M-L. \$49.00. Item no. **Z010**.



Michelle models the alluring "Paula", an off-the-shoulder stretch-lace, cotton lycra, full-brief bodysuit. This extremely sensuous outfit comes in either virginal white or not-so-virginal black. Sizes: 10-16. \$45.00 Item no. **X001**. Available in a G-string bodysuit in sizes small, medium or large. \$43.00. Item no. **X002**.

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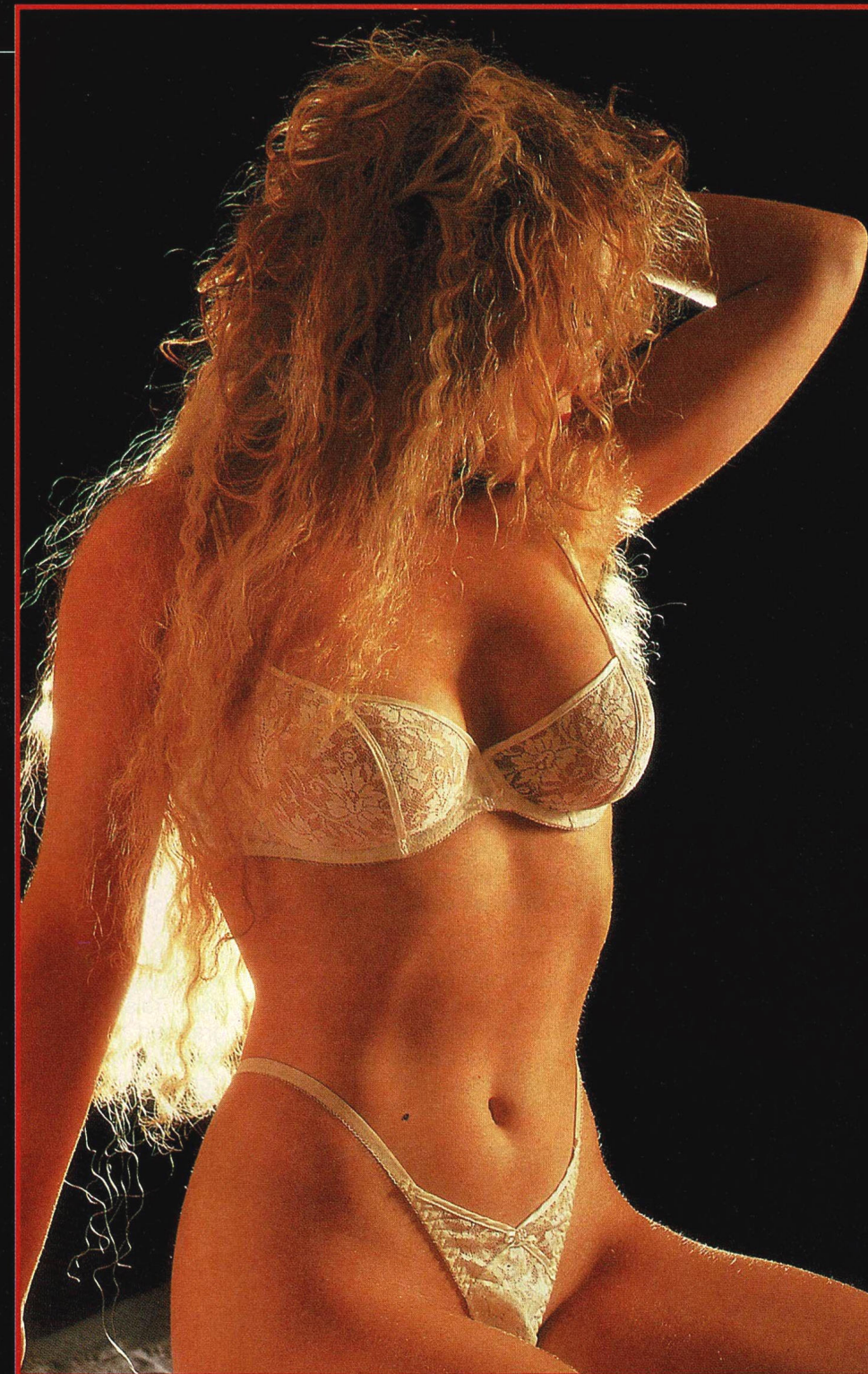
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runners-up

Continued from page 114

As I prepared paint and brushes, Diane emerged, her normally straight hair teased into a wild mass of tangles, her green eyes cat-like and exotic. She was naked and beautiful — long swan-like neck, strong arms and shoulders, small but firm breasts, slender waist, rounded arse and long, gracious legs. I stared in awe. She was absolutely stunning.

Diane laughed and began to dance around me like a wood nymph, enticing me with her limbs and tanned body. Her dance became fast, wild and highly erotic. I grabbed the camera and began to shoot frantically. She circled me once more then threw herself onto the blanket. I took one shot of her sprawled body then pounced onto her. I pinned her down, hands above her head and knees spread. She squealed with mock indignation. I kissed her passionately and her body relaxed beneath me. I kissed my way down her body, sucking her nipples and circling her belly button. I separated and raised her lips with my fingers exposing her pink and engorged clit. Very slowly, I began to tongue her love button, then I swallowed it and gently sucked. Diane's body shuddered and with a gasp she came. My pulse was racing and my cock was hard and I wanted to ram her hard and fast and shoot inside her pussy, but I knew it would be better if I waited. Diane lay on her back recovering. With a paint-laden brush I began to adorn her body

with dark-green tiger stripes.

The paint dried quickly in the warm sun. Diane donned a fringed black leather loin cloth and African beads and stood before me an untamed painted Amazon warrior. She cried, "Let's do it." She leapt onto a rock and struck her first pose. I grabbed the camera and began shooting. We were both hot, sweaty and horny. My balls were tightening, my cock throbbing, my body tingling with excitement. Diane kissed me, running her fingers lightly over my body. She unzipped my jeans and removed them. She grabbed my cock in one hand and cupped my balls in the other. I reached for the Polaroid and began shooting. Diane's tongue flicked at my balls and the base of my cock before sucking them and rolling them around in her mouth. Her other hand worked the shaft with a smooth rhythmic motion, gently squeezing the head. Her tongue joined in, flicking the ridge of skin below the head. She manipulated my balls and her mouth engulfed my cock. She sucked on the shaft, licking the head with her tongue in circular actions. Her hand and mouth slid up and down, squeezing and pumping. I could feel my juices surging up the shaft and spurting down Diane's throat. She swallowed and licked me dry. We looked down at the Polaroids surrounding us — pictures of her tongue flicking my balls, licking my cock's head, and, my favourite, her mouth sucking my cock as I came in her mouth. We smiled and Diane resumed posing, discarding the loin cloth after a few shots. I was soon erect again. She pouted and her hands wandered over

her body. She touched herself with one hand on her breast, the other on her slit. Her fingers traced around erect nipples, others explored wet recesses. She lay back on the rock, I moved closer, zooming in so her slit filled the lens. Click, this was the ultimate in voyeurism. Her fingers stroked her slit, spreading the wetness. With her left hand she spread her lips and with the right index finger began to massage her clit with deft circular strokes, occasionally adjusting the position of her left hand she masturbated towards climax. Her pelvic muscles tightened and the contractions and spasms caused her slit to open and close as if breathing. She paused, and as her finger lifted from her clit a sticky thread joined them. Her finger frantically sliding over her clit she began to moan and, arching her back high, she came with a succession of shudders. I had captured her orgasm on film and was as horny as hell.

I put the camera down and lifted Diane from the rock and onto the rug. She began to masturbate again and I ran my fingers up and down her slit and around her inner thigh.

I inserted one finger — she purred — then two, three and four. Soon I had almost my whole fist ramming inside her. Holding my cock I pushed its head against her wet clit and down to her opening. I thrust inside and she came again. I withdrew and she turned and knelt, raising her arse high for entry. I grabbed her green striped arse and started to ram her fast and hard. Before I could come she crawled forward and motioned me to lie on my back. Squatting over me she took my cock in her hands and slowly lowered herself onto my shaft. I could feel her pelvic muscles tighten and grip my cock as she raised and lowered her body. As one hand reached to fondle my balls, we became aware we were not alone. We had not heard their approaching footsteps but their excited foreign chatter broke the silence.

Turning, we saw a Japanese couple gazing at us in awe. Diane, still with my cock inside her, scowled at them, clawing at the air in their direction and emitting guttural groans that got louder and echoed through the bush. The wife screamed and grabbed at her husband. He clicked a few photos before she dragged him down the track.

Diane collapsed on top of me laughing, and we rolled around on the grass, the mood shattered. We swam in the river and I washed the paint from Diane's body.

We gathered our gear and headed home, stopping at the one-hour photo

Continued on page 126



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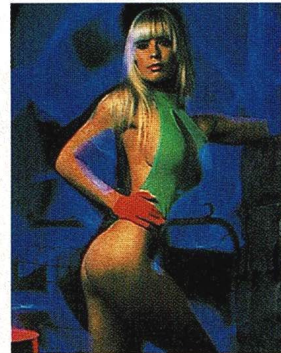
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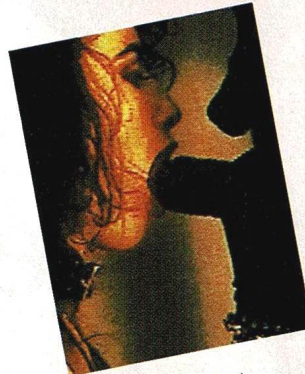
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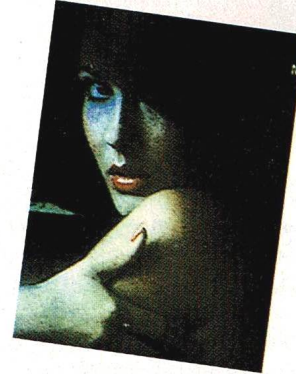
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This raunchy VCA movie is all about saving a failing sex magazine. Proving that the bed is mightier than the pen, this video stars the delicious Tracey Adams.

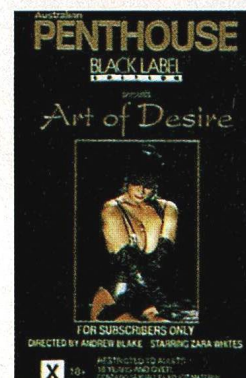
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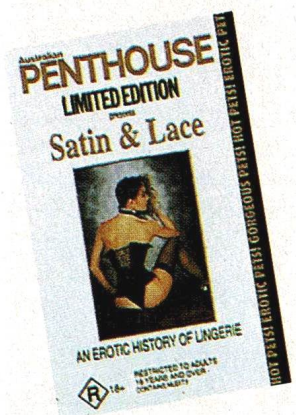
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Penthouse Love Stories (Rated R)

This collection of stories and fantasies is what *Penthouse* magazine is all about — serving up entertainment that is provocative and outrageous; sensual and seductive; bizarre and erotic. Plus Xaviera Hollander offers her own inimitable brand of advice and humour.

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Satin and Lace (Rated R)

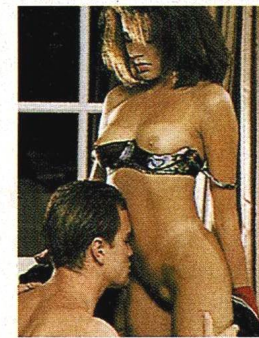
Penthouse's superb erotic history of lingerie is quite simply a visual banquet. Feast your eyes on the stunning Pets as they slip into, and out of, stylish lace bras, sheer-black stockings, sexy suspender belts and stilettos to die for.

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A collection of erotic adventures where nothing is forbidden and the relentless pursuit of pleasure is the only rule. Included in this erotic masterpiece are explosive nude photos of a young Madonna and a look behind the scenes at the filming of *Caligula* — the most sexually provocative mainstream film ever made. Let the stunning girls of *Penthouse* show you their wild side!

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THIS MONTH'S X-RATED RELEASE

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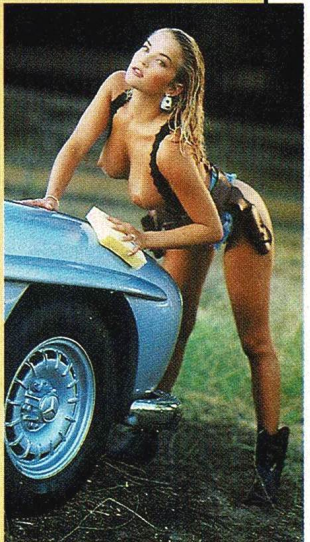
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runners-up

Continued from page 122

lab, just near Diane's apartment.

As the young man handed Diane the photos, he smiled and said he hoped she enjoyed the photos as much as he had. — *Name and address withheld*

Flying high

I had always been afraid of flying, but somehow my closest girlfriend, Michelle, who had also just completed her nursing training, talked me into it. She picked me up at 5am and I was still apprehensive as we headed off along the highway.

After an hour we turned down a dirt track and drove until we came upon the silhouette of a hot air balloon. Three men were busying themselves around the basket. One stood head and shoulders above the rest and even in the early morning light I could see he was dark-skinned. The tall one approached us and introduced himself as Duncan, our pilot.

Duncan relaxed the atmosphere with a few jokes and with the roar of the burner we were soon floating above the tree tops and steadily rising. As our balloon drifted across the patchwork scenery, I became exhilarated and light headed. Although I found the view totally entrancing I couldn't help but notice Duncan lustfully staring at Michelle's sexy figure as she looked over the edge. After half an hour he told us that we

were over 3000 metres up, and in a forceful voice he said that he wanted Michelle to suck his cock. I thought my ears were playing tricks on me, but when I saw the expression on Michelle's face I knew there had been no mistake. When she didn't move Duncan repeated his demand. With a sly smile he pulled a lever and the basket plummeted.

Duncan unzipped his fly and continued to smile. Michelle, sensing my panic, slowly dropped to her knees. He grinned and pulled from his pants a big black cock. Michelle raised her hand which looked dwarfed compared to his stiffening member. She wrapped her fingers around its base and I was amazed to see that they failed to encircle it. This was the biggest cock I'd ever seen, her mouth could only take in its plum-like head.

I looked on as Michelle sucked and licked him and willingly began to take some of his shaft as her head bobbed up and down on his tool.

I never considered myself a voyeur, but as my best friend gave this black stranger head, I couldn't ignore my own sexual feelings. Watching Duncan's cock sliding in and out of her lips made me horny and slowly my hand found its way into my pants.

My twat was slippery and my love button needed some urgent massaging. The scene in front of me and the sensation I was getting from my fingers bought me close to coming. I was becoming frustrated when Duncan asked me if I wanted to join in. I made my way across the basket as he asked me to remove my top. As turned on as she

was Michelle didn't mind sharing and ushered me in front of him.

My rough eager tongue licked at his glans and as I took him in my mouth, he told Michelle to remove her clothes and caress my tits. We were both so turned on we would have gone along with anything he said. Michelle's dexterous fingers made my nipples tingle, heightening my state of arousal. After a few minutes his cock began throbbing and I could taste pre-come on my tongue. He quickly pulled out of my mouth and taking two quick strokes, groaned and erupted a river of come all over my upturned face. Michelle, who was kneeling behind me, rubbed it into my face and body then licked it off her fingers. Duncan just leaned back on the edge of the basket and watched. I lay on my back and Michelle began licking and sucking my neck and tits hunting for traces of Duncan's jiz. She then removed my pants and her hand went straight to my cunt, massaging it in rhythmic movements.

Duncan whispered in a deep voice how much he appreciated our show. We wriggled into the 69 position and Michelle began to grind her moss-pot into my face. I hungrily lapped at her twat and quivered as her love juice seeped down my chin. She eased two fingers into my aching cunt and finger fucked me. Duncan was stroking his cock which now stood as a solid column of black glistening marble.

He positioned himself behind Michelle and eased his U-boat into her submarine-pen and began fucking her deep and hard with a steady rhythm. I continued lapping hungrily at her stretched fanny and watched, only an inch away, as his black pole spread her lips. Every so often he withdrew his cock so I could lick it, then re-entered Michelle.

Michelle was lapping at my pussy as Duncan started to pound faster and faster. I placed my open mouth on Michelle's cunt and let Duncan's cock slide over my hungry tongue.

Without warning, Duncan came. His huge cock stiffened and a jet of sperm shot into Michelle's cunt. He withdrew and aimed his cock at my mouth. Another long, thick wad blasted onto my tongue and mouth. I'd seen — and felt and swallowed — men's come before, but the sheer amount Duncan was giving out was amazing. He squirted about seven long, thick jets over Michelle's open cunt and puckered little arsehole. Michelle's cunt was covered in a white film of come. I lapped it up as Michelle went to town on my pussy. Just as we both came, the basket bumped the ground.

We have already booked our next ride with our black stud. — *Name and address withheld* ☐

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SWEET DREAMS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON SPARKS

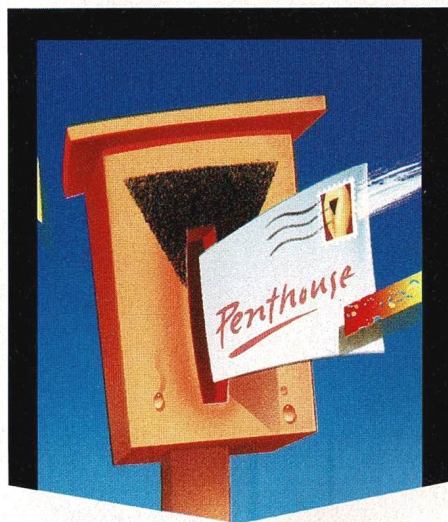
The child of a Lithuanian father and a Polish mother, Zoryna dreams of one day flying to eastern Europe, to see for herself the places where her parents grew up. "I've got such a romantic vision of that part of the world," she sighs. "I've heard so much about the friendly people and the village life."



Larger-than-life Zoryna concedes, however, that it might be hard for her to fit in. "I couldn't live in the country hamlets I dream about," admits the 24-year-old. "I attract enough attention in the big city." But attention is never unwelcome for Zoryna. "I love it," she laughs. "I adore being noticed. *Especialy* by men."







forum

Continued from page 8

She quickly removed herself, but after hearing a popping sound a few minutes later Janet was back over my face, though this time not offering me a 69er. Instead, she began trickling champagne down along her slit and into my mouth. I had no choice but to give her a thorough licking out, as I drank the champagne which served to bring her to the first of several orgasms, and at the same time increased my level of frustration. Thankfully, she saved a little champagne for herself and drank it from my sack after dribbling it down the length of my shaft.

I was finally allowed to thrust my love-muscle inside her as she lowered

her tight, wet pussy onto me, while massaging my aching nuts and placing her honey-smeared nipples into my mouth. The incredible sensation of her inner muscles contracting along my cock didn't last long though, as she rapidly dismounted when she felt me tensing to come. She smeared herself with whipped cream before once again returning her cunt to my well-practiced mouth. It didn't take long to bring her off again, more violently than before.

Janet decided that I was entitled to one more teasing blowjob before she would let me come. She filled her mouth with crushed ice before slowly sliding it down along the entire length of my prick. The shock of the cold would have caused me to shoot my wad if Janet hadn't been squeezing the base of my meat.

Janet finally removed my blindfold before lubricating my shaft as she wanted me to see what was going to happen next. She placed a finger inside herself and began rubbing her clit with her thumb at the same time as she began taking me slowly up her pussy.

After only minutes of pumping into her velvet twat I shot deep into her — definitely the wildest orgasm of my life. Janet followed almost immediately as we became a quivering mass of combined pleasure. — *Name and address withheld.*

Massage was her message

My wife and I are pretty open minded when it comes to sex. Both of us are in our mid-twenties and we have been married five years. We have

experimented with all types of sex, including having different partners.

My wife, Janet, has been trying to get me to organise a threesome with one of my workmates but the situation had not presented itself until last week.

I had been to a party at work with Darren and had organised Janet to pick us up. Darren decided to come home with us and continue drinking. Janet had no argument with this and neither did I.

After getting to our house we watched some TV and consumed loads of amber fluid. The pace got too much for me and I fell asleep on the lounge.

Around midnight my wife told Darren he would have to sleep in my side of the bed because I had taken the lounge. They adjourned to the bedroom. Darren was a bit concerned about what I might say if I found him sleeping with Janet, but she told him not to worry.

After talking for a while Darren said he was sore in the shoulders from football, so, as I found out later, Janet offered to give him a massage, which he accepted. My gorgeous wife straddled his back and got some oil out. She applied some to her hands and started working it thoroughly into his back and shoulders.

He was enjoying the massage and had started to relax when Janet said, "Enough games." Janet told me later that he moved towards her and slowly began moving his hand down to touch her leg. Slowly sliding it up her thigh he made his way into her panties and gently eased a finger inside her moist pussy. Janet told me she just couldn't move because it felt too good. Evidently, he withdrew his finger and placed it into his mouth and sucked her juices off. This was too much for Janet.

They started kissing passionately with his hand working back down towards her dripping cunt. She told me she just had to touch his cock. Slowly she moved down, removing his undies and running her fingers up and down his shaft, which she said was big and growing bigger. Overcome with lust she bent down and began to run her tongue up and down his throbbing cock. Then she said she put his swollen head into her mouth. Feeling the warmth and wetness of her mouth must have been amazing because Janet said he shot his load immediately into her mouth.

That's when I stirred on the lounge and made my way into the bedroom. I walked in and there was Janet clutching Darren's cock and pumping it frantically as it pumped jism into her sweet mouth.

Giving her a kiss, I reached down and removed her panties. She eased her hand down towards my stiff prick, and gently ran her nails up and down my shaft before giving me a couple of gentle tugs. Watching her other hand in the dimly lit room, I could see it was

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forum

wrapped around Darren's cock. Rolling my wife over onto her side, I slid her panties down and eased my cock into her very wet cunt. My wife started to moan. She then leaned down and took Darren's stiffening cock into her mouth again, wrapping her lips and tongue around his huge purple head. This was all too much for me, I blew my load.

My wife turned around to take my still hard rod into her mouth. Darren moved behind her sliding his now hard cock into her cunt. He started to fuck her while my Janet sucked on my cock. She shook with orgasm. Darren and I knew she was coming and we also blew together.

Deciding on a short break, my wife lay between us and continued to play with our cocks. While she was doing this, I was rubbing her slit and I knew she was still horny so I rolled her onto her back and shoved my hard dick into her cunt. She leaned over and Darren knelt over her mouth and she sucked in his cock. There I was fucking her and watching her mouth stuffed with Darren's cock. I couldn't hold back, I came again.

She rolled over and got onto Darren's rod. He lay back delighted and she did all the work pumping his cock with her

tight cunt. I lay back and enjoyed the show, they both came and we all fell back exhausted. I'm sure my wife could have had more — maybe next time. — *Name and address withheld.*

Me Tarzan

Jane's body was fantastic. While I'd always thought that she was attractive and had admired the combination of her deep-blue eyes and waist-length dark hair, I really hadn't anticipated just what a treasure she carried beneath her usual demure choice of clothing.

Jane was almost as tall as me, with long, firm legs and rounded buttocks. Her stomach was lean and curved gently into her hips, above a dark patch of pubic hair through which I could glimpse the swelling of her not so demure arse as she undressed in the moonlight.

Her breasts had completely captivated me! Heavy and round, with those upstanding nipples that remind you of pencil erasers.

Her breasts were heavy and firm. They swayed gently when she walked, they swung prominently when she bent over, and they slid with excruciating softness over me when we — but I'll come to that later.

Earlier that night I had met Jane in the club where she worked. We had been introduced by a mutual friend some months before, but had never

spent much time alone with one another.

As we danced after her shift, Jane's attitude quickly changed from playful to flirtatious to downright raunchy. She began to touch me — with her body, not just her hands — with increasing enthusiasm, until she was grinding her pelvis against me with each approach. She would then move away, abandoning herself to the music for a while.

In turn, my initial reaction was straightforward. With her first contact, I developed an erection. The third time she ground herself against me, I ground back. After about twenty minutes of this on-again-off-again dry humping, with my tormented cock screaming for sustained attention, I suggested we get out of here, and I grabbed her by the waistband of her jeans and dragged her over to collect her gear.

With her bag in one hand, Jane took hold of my belt, pulled my jeans up into my groin and led me out of the club and into the alley where her car was parked. She loaded her car, turned around to me and said, "I never fuck in alley ways" as she pushed one hand down the front of my jeans.

I wasn't so keen on this alley and its wildlife either, so I suggested we go for a drive. "How about a nice little deserted beach?" I said.

Keeping a firm hold on me, Jane opened the passenger door of her car

and climbed in, over the gear stick and into the driver's seat, pulling me into the car. As she began to remove her hand to shift gears I stopped her, and indicated that I'd take charge of the gears.

As we drove I managed to work the fingers of my free hand into her jeans and gently manipulated her turgid cunt through the soft material of her underwear. Jane moaned and wriggled in her seat and pushed her hips up to increase the pressure against my hand. However, I cannot recommend this practice as (a) I needed to undo my seatbelt to manage it and (b) Jane tended to close her eyes and drop her feet off the accelerator or brake pedals just as we reached approaching stop lights and overtaking buses.

We made it to the beach where we wasted no time. We undressed in the warm night air and I watched in awe as Jane's body was revealed to me. As she stood up after wriggling out of her jeans, I turned toward her, my cock throbbing in the moonlight, and pulled her to me. We kissed passionately, groped, and writhed against each other.

Jane again took the lead, pushing me down onto my back grabbing my engorged dick in her wonderful hands as she moved her mouth to the head of my cock and began lapping at the tip. This sent me to a new level of

delirium. But because I did not want to come at that point I gently eased her mouth away from my dick. Jane paused for a moment, assessed the situation and then returned to the job — this time taking my cock into her mouth. As she did so, she lowered herself so that her spectacular breasts settled over my groin, on my balls and inner thighs. As she moved her mouth on my cock, her breasts gently caressed the screaming nerve-endings.

I cried out to the heavens and I came. For a moment I lay there, feeling the blood pounding in my temples, and watching the shadows move on the beach, while Jane happily sucked on my cock and used it to smear semen onto her chest. But the sensation was too intense, and I slid out from under her body and wrestled her into a position where I could suck on her slippery pussy lips. She chuckled then sighed as I moved my tongue over her swollen outer lips, flicked it across her clit and sent it probing inside her. My head was between her thighs, my arms were wrapped around her hips and my hands reached for her breasts, which I gently massaged with a rolling motion.

As Jane's breathing became heavier, I paused, picked up her legs and pushed them up towards her head. I placed my tongue at the crease at the base of her spine and then rolled her hips back

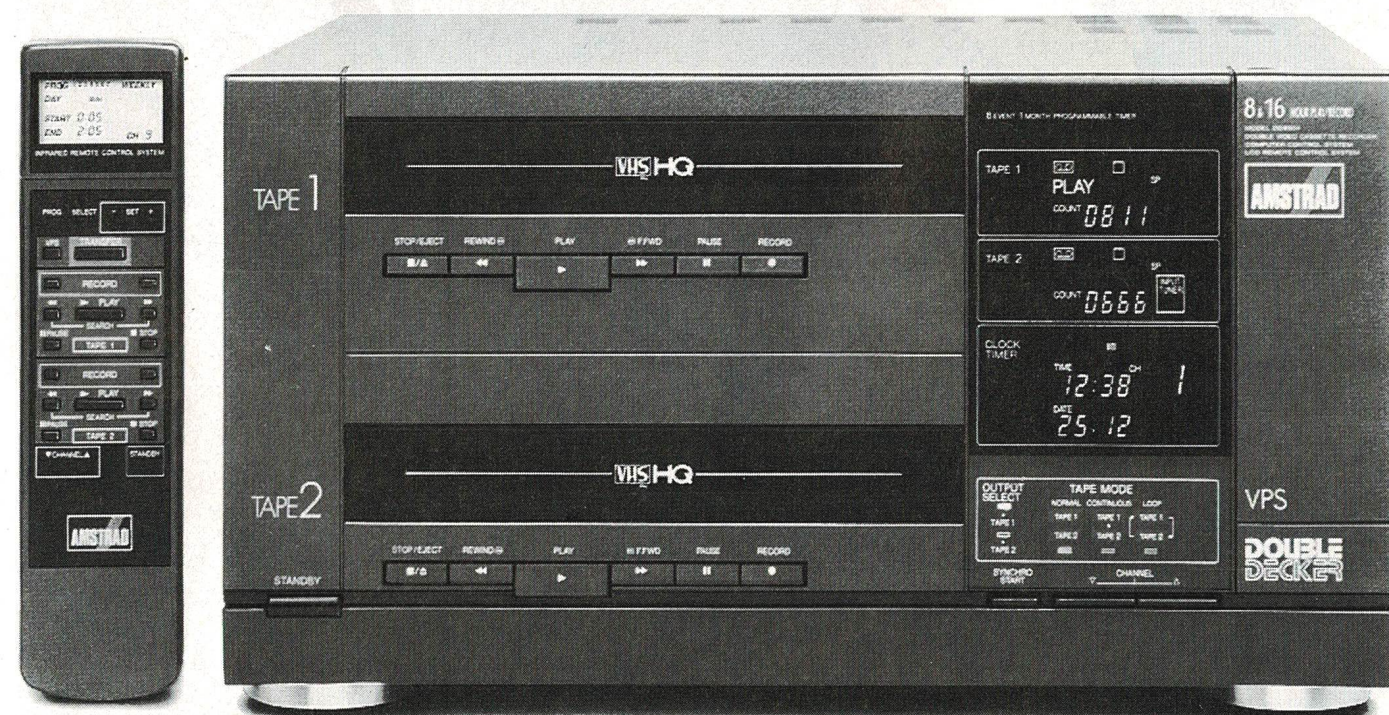
and forth, with my tongue travelling from her spine to her clit, probing into her anus and cunt along the way. On the first touch of her anus she murmured "No", on the second she pressed upwards to offer herself to my tongue. Eventually she wriggled free from my grasp, grabbed my head and held my face against her cunt. I inserted two fingers into her vagina, and used my thumb to massage the area just beneath her clit as I concentrated on this nub of her pleasure. Jane lifted her arse off the sand, pressed my face more firmly against her, and pounded my nose with her pubic bone as she chased her orgasm and came with a series of guttural cries.

We lay there drenched in sweat and moonlight, clutching each other tight. Jane was panting and trying to recover her usual decorum; I was gingerly nursing my bruised face and looking at the shadows on the sand. After a while, Jane suggested we go home. We picked ourselves up, brushed each other off, gathered our things and made our way back to the car, passing between the shadowy figures who had stopped to watch. — *Name and address withheld.*

Breakdown made me stick up

Recently I had an exciting experience that I would like to share with your readers.

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forum

One hot summer night in the early hours on my usually boring run, a guy in one of these U-drive campervans was pulled off to the side of the road. As I approached him I noticed the bonnet was up on the campervan and he was flagging me down, obviously in need of some help.

I pulled over to the side of the road to lend a hand. Upon inspection of the engine it's turned out to be a blocked fuel filter, so I had little trouble in bypassing it just to get him going. While I was busy doing this, a luscious blonde with the best body I've seen in years stepped out of the van.

She had on a tight, off-the-shoulder midriff top which showed her beautifully tanned belly and left nothing of her tits to the imagination; and a tiny white mini-skirt made out of that stretch material which hugged her arse so tight I thought it would slip up around her waist at any moment. While working on the van I couldn't help noticing her rubbing her husband around the chest and crotch.

She whispered something to him and disappeared into the camper. After getting the engine humming again he asked me if I would like to come into the van and wash my hands and drink a cold beer. Just before we entered the camper van, he pulled me aside and told me his wife has always had a fantasy that she would like to be fucked while another man watched.

I took a seat at a small L-shaped

table and he got us a couple of beers. He sat down opposite me and we started to have a chat. I was facing the double bed and there, to my amazement, was Christine, his wife. She had removed her clothes and was lying on the bed with her legs spread wide apart with her feet still touching the floor. Her glistening pussy was cleanly shaved and looked as smooth as silk. She had two of her fingers buried deep inside herself and with her other hand she gently squeezed and pulled at her breasts, her tongue reached out of her moist red lips and she licked at her own nipples.

Her husband Peter was oblivious to her antics at this stage. He was still rambling on but I couldn't concentrate on anything he was saying to me.

Christine kept looking at me with "fuck me" eyes, and she licked those beautiful red lips wickedly. Peter finally finished his beer and turned around to see what was going on.

He didn't hesitate, he stood up and walked towards Christine on the bed. He opened his fly and down came his Levis. Grabbing her ankles he guided his very large hard cock straight into her waiting pussy lips and they fucked like wild animals, bucking and screaming, putting on a sensational show for my benefit. I couldn't take my eyes off them.

I was so horny that I could feel a slight dampness in my own jocks. After this fucking frenzy, Peter collapsed onto the bed exhausted, Christine got up and came over to me, her pussy still glistening in the dim light. She bent down and gave me a kiss and thanked

me for fulfilling her fantasy by watching them. I left rather dazed.

Upon arriving, I woke up my wife and grabbed her vibrator. As she always sleeps nude, I lifted the sheet off her and begged her to masturbate while I inserted her cock-shaped vibrator ruggedly into her shaven cunt. The sight of this cock shaped vibrator plunging in and out of her brought back the memories of earlier in the evening and I came instantly.

Later I told my wife what had happened earlier in the evening. It turned her on and we fucked the night away happily thinking about it. — *Name and address withheld.*

Clear outlook

Have you ever had the unique pleasure of the "zippless" fuck? An intense, no-names, no-addresses, in fact, an almost no-conversation fuck? It happened to me while on holidays on one of the Queensland islands. I was body-surfing on this crowded beach when this girl was literally washed on top of me by a huge wave. I helped her to the shallows and supported her while she regained her breath.

She stopped panting and said, "Thanks." Then — and I tell you no word of a lie — she kissed me lightly on the lips. I guess she was saying thanks for saving her. I kissed her back, with enthusiasm. She opened her mouth slightly and I felt her hot tongue slide gently between my lips. We both took one step back and looked into each other's eyes. It was as if an unspoken question had passed between us and the answer was, "Yes, yes, yes." Her fingers slid into my Speedos. My hands removed her bikini briefs. I was inside her before I knew it, pumping slowly, matching the rhythm of the waves as they swelled and broke around us. She bit her lip and slammed down on to my prick. Very softly, she urged, "Come, come inside me." My excitement was so great that I could not control myself, and I quickly granted her wish. I bucked and heaved as I tried to force my spasming prick into the depths of her pussy. Holding my shoulders she squirmed down, her pussy swallowing my prick. It was fantastic.

"Thanks," was all my mermaid said, kissing my cheek before she swam away forever. — *Name and address withheld*



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E D I T I O N

forum

Holiday snaps

My girlfriend Pam accompanied me on a recent business trip to Melbourne. We arrived in Melbourne early Thursday afternoon and after booking into our hotel decided to take a look at the concert hall.

The concert hall is an amazing place with more rooms, stairs and dark passages than a Medieval castle. We joined an escorted tour of the complex, but only spent about ten minutes before becoming totally bored. We chose an appropriate moment and disappeared down a flight of stairs. Continuing our own tour we found a quiet little off-stage dressing room adjacent to a small theatre. The room was full of props and costumes so after selecting an appropriate outfit for Pam we quietly ventured out onto the stage area.

Having established that we were alone in this small theatre, Pam put on her own production and commenced a most seductive and very slow striptease. I fired away with the camera as Pam's hands expertly caressed and kneaded her gorgeous perfectly rounded tits. While pulling at her nipples she licked her lips and her free hand traced lines up and down her wet pussy. My lady was certainly on fire and as her eyes glared at me she sat down on the piano stool and opened her legs.

After setting up the camera and tripod to take automatic shots, I noticed that there was someone sitting quietly at the back of the theatre. Not wishing the show to end, I moved in and knelt on the floor and lapped at Pam's outer lips before pushing my tongue deep into her honey-pot. Pam moaned with pleasure and raised her knees, clasping my head in a vice-like grip. As my tongue located and went to work on her love button, she let out a muffled scream, so I increased the tempo, licking and sucking her while pushing two fingers up her very wet arsehole.

Pam loves anal sex so after bringing her to climax, I lifted her

off the seat and, placing her hands firmly on the piano keys, I entered her from behind. Knowing that Pam was certain to scream again, I put her wet knickers in her mouth. With the excessive noise taken care of, I started to pound her tight arse and she responded by pushing back against me so that she could receive me right down to my balls. We fucked in this position for about ten minutes before collapsing on the floor.

As we walked along a passage on the way out, a security guard approached and asked if we had lost a camera. Realising that I had left it in the theatre I started to explain, but he cut me short and with a broad smile on his face said, "The amateur productions in theatre number two were always worth a look in."

After an exhausting afternoon we headed back to our hotel to relax and have a spa. Pam has an insatiable appetite for sex and it was not long before she was searching in the bubbles for her favourite love toy. Having located it her head disappeared into the bubbles and started to suck and caress my weapon of joy. As I was about to come I lifted her head out of the bubbles and we exchanged a mouth full of champagne with a long, lingering kiss.

There was an amazing view of the city from the window adjacent to our spa so Pam moved over to the window where she stood with her back to me facing the city centre and proceeded to caress her body as only she knows how. Bending at the waist she pointed her perfect arse at me in a most inviting way and her pink moist, smooth-shaven lips were clearly visible between her long, slender legs. Looking over her shoulder she reached for the bottle of champagne and her eyes took on a devilish shine. Grasping the bottle in both hands she violently shook it before quickly inserting the frothing neck straight into her waiting pussy. Thoroughly exhausted and with her heart pounding she slipped back into the spa and we lay motionless in each others arms.

Pam had insisted on making all the arrangements for Thursday night's dinner and as we left the hotel in a taxi she handed a note to the driver. The taxi dropped us off near the Arts Centre where a small crowd of about 20 people were waiting patiently. Right on the dot of 7:45pm a brightly lit tram loomed out of the darkness and stopped adjacent to the small gathering of people.

Once again Pam had chosen the

perfect venue for dinner — a beautifully restored old tram fitted out as a licensed gourmet restaurant. Being a cold winter's night in Melbourne the place was only about half full, and we were seated at one end in a quiet little corner away from the main group of patrons. The tables had our favourite long white table cloths that we know, from previous experience, are perfect for hiding any under-the-table activities.

In the middle of our main course, Pam looked up from her meal and said, "Open your fly and get your cock out." As I was doing this the waiter approached our table and Pam struck up a conversation with him while sliding her silky stocking clad foot up my leg to my cock. Pam is an expert at massaging my balls and cock with her toes and in no time I had a raging hard-on that threatened to dislodge the table from the floor.

Seeing that I was enjoying myself she continued to talk to the waiter while her toes danced on my groin. Sensing that I was about to come she stopped and removed her foot. The waiter disappeared and Lee continued our conversation as if nothing had happened.

Soon after she excused herself and went to the ladies. I ordered another bottle of wine and decided to check out the restroom facilities myself. The tram is only a small vehicle and I soon found out that there was only one bathroom. I knocked and Pam opened the door. She had removed her dress and was standing wearing only her panties, stockings and shoes. As I sat down she joined me on the seat and rode me like there was no tomorrow.

Sitting upright, I lunged at her erect nipples and bit hard, causing her to moan. We continued our session for a few more minutes before our waiter knocked on the door and advised me that our second bottle of wine was opened and waiting.

I quickly composed myself and returned to our table. Pam returned a few minutes later and we continued our meal. In no time at all we had arrived back at the Arts Centre, and as we waited for a taxi in St Kilda Road, Pam informed me that she had left her panties on a plate on the seat for our waiter. So Joe if you happen to read *Penthouse*, please pencil us in for same time next year. — *Name and address withheld.*

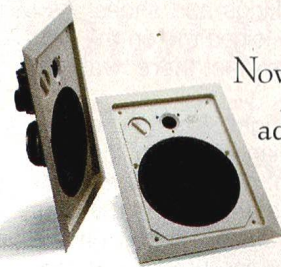
Freedom for three

I recently went back to New

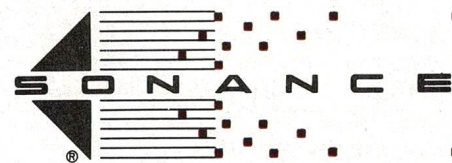
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Zealand where I stayed a week with my best friend of 20 years and her husband in Rotorua. Her husband was a shift-worker so it was usual practice for Sharon to see Warren off to work while on day shift and then hop back into bed with me for girl-talk stuff.

Warren then had four days off before starting night shift. On Saturday morning I was lying in bed. Sharon came and hopped in with me and the next thing I knew, Warren had followed his wife into my bed. He started gently caressing her nipples as she lay next to me. He then started to pull at them and bent his head to suck them. This sight made me horny and I was a little envious of the attention she was getting. Warren lifted his head and offered me an invitation to suck the other side. I eagerly responded. Feeling those big beautiful dark brown erect nipples in my mouth made my pussy wet with excitement and I watched as Warren pulled back the covers and began tonguing his wife's wet cunt. He whispered, "Is yours as wet as Sharon's?" I moaned, "Oh yes. Why don't you taste it?" He rolled over and was soon lying between my thighs and sucking and nibbling my clit.

I glanced across at Sharon and she was rubbing her own pussy and watching as her husband ate me. She then brought her fingers to my lips and I licked them clean. I reached out for her huge breasts and pulled them towards me, sucking at her huge brown nipples. I was desperate for Warren to fuck me but he wanted me to wait and told me that this was only the beginning. With Sharon now on her back, he held her legs high and entered her wet cunt. Watching my friend being fucked, seeing Warren's cock slip in and out of her sent us all into mind-blowing orgasms.

It was decided that this experience was so good that we would get together again later in the night after we had all been out on the town. All day I could hardly

stop rubbing my pussy.

After arriving home, we lit the fire and lay down. I shaved Sharon's pussy and noticed that her clit was swollen and protruding, just asking for attention. Warren began to kiss her, his tongue darting in and out of her mouth, then giving me a turn of his lips and tongue as well. Warren and Sharon got into a 69 position and I lay fingering my own cunt. I watched his rock-hard cock darting in and out of her mouth and his tongue lapping at her cunt, which was overflowing with juice. I was thinking how I wanted to taste her pussy and I rolled over and joined Warren's mouth on her. I licked her from her arsehole to clit. I fingered her arse and as Warren came around behind me, I knew I was going to be lucky and have him fuck me doggie style. This feeling was amazing. I was being fucked hard by Warren as I eagerly lapped at Sharon's cunt. Warren came and, as I had not reached orgasm, I quickly moved up to place my dripping cunt over Sharon's mouth. She started hungrily eating me as Warren pulled hard on my nipples. The sensation was too much and I quickly orgasmed. When I looked down at Sharon, her face was covered with my juices and Warren's come.

We finished off that night with Sharon tongue fucking me to another orgasm and Warren coming all over my tits. He then kissed us both and held us tight.

I can honestly say it was the horniest night of my life. — *Name and address withheld.*

Another route to romance

Our sex life has always been great, but a few weeks ago it became fantastic. My husband's best friend, Dave, is always over here, having a few beers or watching the footy. I'd given Dave head a few times or a quick hot fuck somewhere secluded, so no-one would know. Mark loves it when I come home full of come and loves to fill me up even more. One night when Dave was over here we'd been drinking and smoking and watching some pornos. He looked comfortable with a relaxed smile on his face. I walked straight over and kissed him on the lips. He smiled into my eyes as I unzipped his jeans and slid them down his legs.

His cock sent messages to my pussy and I got comfortable kneeling between his legs. I could get most of his cock into my mouth and also twirl my tongue over his balls. He loves getting his balls sucked and I love to do it. As I was giving him

head I remembered that Mark was sitting on the other lounge watching. This made me really wet and I rubbed my panties to release some pressure. I could feel Dave wanting to blow, so I started to suck harder. As he came, I thrust his cock further down my throat and drank every drop.

We looked over to Mark to find that he had his hard cock in his fist, enjoying the show. I walked in to have a quick shower and the men grabbed more beers.

After my shower, I slipped quietly into bed, hoping that at least one of them would come in and fuck me. Dave was first to appear, and I slowly lifted his shirt over his head. He loves me to sit on top and grind away, so I did. We changed positions several times before I reached for the KY — a wonderful invention.

I lubed his cock and turned my back to him. As we lay side by side, I reached behind me and pushed his cock up my tight little arse.

Mark was now at the end of the bed holding my leg high so he could get a better view of Dave's cock plunging into my arsehole. My fingers had found their way to my swollen pussy lips and I shook with an orgasm.

Mark was now getting restless, so I invited him to kneel in front of me. His cock was rock hard as I tried to get it into my hungry mouth. After a while he lay down and I had this great thought. I slipped onto Mark's cock. I ground my clit into his body and then stopped so that Dave could replace his cock up my arse again. Boy, did two cocks feel great. We found rhythm and rocked together until my body started to tremble. The feeling was so strong that I gripped Mark's cock with my pussy as he came. Dave pulled out and headed for the shower. I quickly followed, remembering Dave loves to come twice a night. We soaped up in the steam and he lifted my leg to insert his cock up into my dripping cunt. I quickly jumped off, making him hang out just a little bit longer, and soaped my tits up. I half-knelt down so that I could rub his cock in between my tits. After a while I wanted to come again, so I stood up and he thrust his cock straight in.

I got out and went straight into the bedroom to relax. Dave and Mark had another beer and laughed a while. It was time for Dave to go, so he gave me a passionate kiss. We try to get together at least once or twice a week. I can't go any longer without them. — *Name and address withheld* 

Loose ends

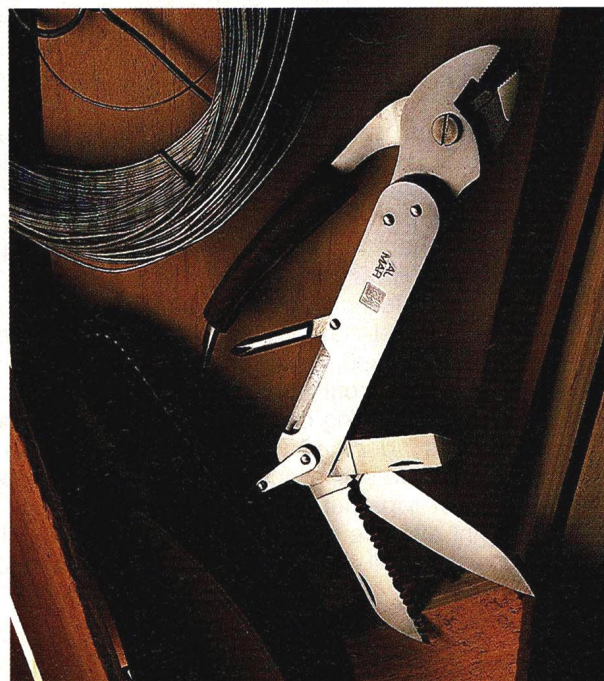


Driving Desire

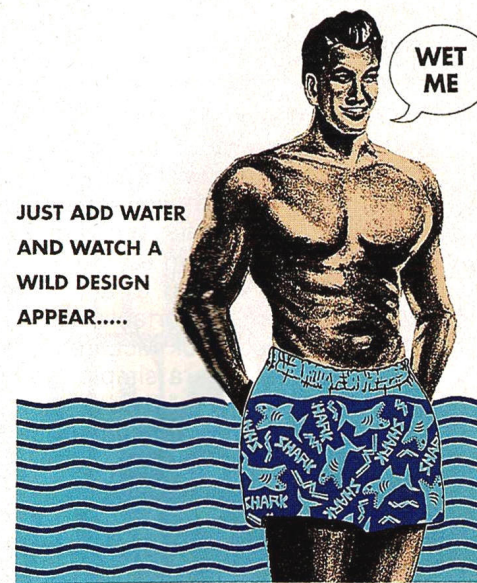
The Rydges hotel group is offering unique getaways around Sydney. Called the "Ultimate Forgiveness Package" (what have I done wrong? you may well ask), the deal includes a night's accommodation in a suite, dinner (food only), breakfast and — wait for it — the use of a stylish Buick sports car from 2pm to 10am the next day. For \$120 per person you and your partner can drive through Sydney's southern national parks, northern beaches or picturesque west, and perhaps, if everything goes well, you'll be forgiven. (But I haven't done anything wrong!) Contact the Rydges group on (02) 261 3199 for more information.

WEEKEND WARRIORS

During WWII field officers of the OSS (now the CIA) requested a knife that would be useful for special operations. The answer came in the form of the "Escape" knife. Modelled off that famous knife is the AMK 4X4. A robust piece of utilitarian equipment, the AMK incorporates serrated and normal cutting edges, Philips and standard screwdrivers, pliers, file and wire cutters. Trade enquires to Zen imports on (02) 818 1955.



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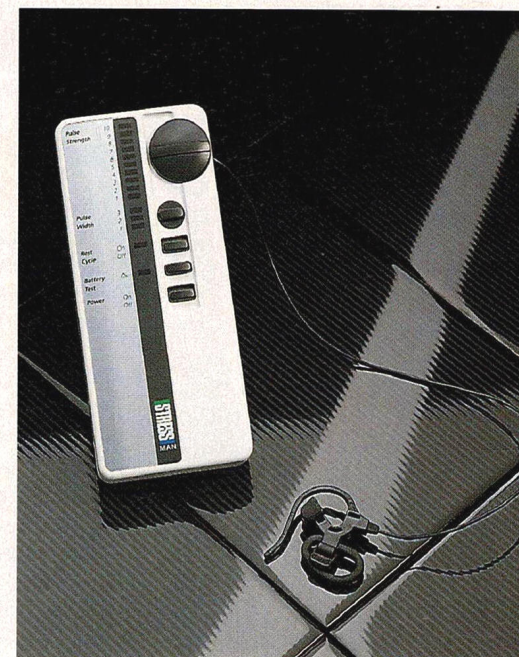
Can Do

Ardent spirit drinkers will know that attending a BYO restaurant often elicits snide quips from the waiter. "Shall I open your incredibly big bottle of scotch now sir, or should I put it in the fridge till later?" This needn't be a source of embarrassment any longer. UDL makes 12 varieties of mixed drinks in a can. From bourbon and cola to vodka and orange these "spirits in a can" are as tasty as they are unobtrusive.



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Following close behind garments that change colour when touched, comes swimwear that makes interesting patterns when wet. Named Aquaglow hydrodynamic designwear, this line of clothing is sure to make a big splash this summer. Trade enquiries on (03) 822 9666.



THE HELMET

When BMW introduced their System I and II they set a new standard in helmet design. The unique swivelling chin-piece and visor allowed the option of either a full-face or open-face helmet — a first in helmet design. Now BMW have released their System III. Improvements on ventilation and aerodynamics have made this helmet the most advanced ever.



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winners of our adidas competition featured in the July issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: G. West, Carlton, NSW; A. Fowler, Summer Hill, NSW; W. Hillier, Lyneham, ACT; D. Butler, Camberwell, Vic; C. O'Sullivan, Townsville, Qld; C. Mackle, Angaston, SA; R. Macmillan, Hobart, Tas.



Sydney's Isabel Monro

INSIDE JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Kickback! — With the threat of bankruptcy spurring them on, Cairns small businessmen are making a stand against an organised kickback racket in the Japanese tourist industry. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* spotlights a conflict that's getting out of hand.

Lillee's Last Laugh — In many people's eyes, Dennis Lillee is the best fast bowler Australia has ever seen. Now, in retirement, he's teaching his fearsome skills to young Indian bowlers at a Madras cricket clinic. Why is this great Australian sportsman passing his knowledge on to a competing cricket nation, and how does he feel when one of his young Indian charges takes an Australian wicket? Find out in January *Australian Penthouse*.

Nightlife — Getting your lights punched out in public is a hard way to make a living, but Fred Brophy's northern Australian tent boxing troupe is proud of the fact that they can cop anything that local country town champions put to them. Go a few rounds with Mandingo, Danny TNT Radecker and the White Prince in next month's issue.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Isabel Monro first graced the pages of *Australian Penthouse* in 1988 at the age of 17. In 1993, Isabel has come of age. You'll be celebrating too when you check her stunning centrefold next month.

MOTORING

Continued from page 21

controlled brake cooling.

Surprisingly perhaps, the F1's biggest talking point has been not its scintillating performance but the central seat for the driver, with other buckets for passenger behind and to each side.

Hitting on a design to allow the driver easy and comfortable access behind the wheel took McLaren one year to perfect. It's a simple move made easier by having "dihedral" doors which bite into the roof section and open out and finally upwards, gull-wing fashion, on their forward-mounted rose-joints and gas-struts.

Murray's team targeted a maximum weight of 1000kg, remarkably light for a car of this nature. It came in just over projections, at 1018kg. It's still 218kg below the F40. There is no suggestion that strength or stiffness, and therefore safety, are remotely compromised.

The relatively light weight, impressive drag co-efficient of 0.34 and small frontal area will work spectacularly in conjunction with a 410kw engine and a six-speed gearbox.

Surely no other road car on earth will accelerate as swiftly. Top speed? Around 350km/h is achievable while some have predicted 400km/h.

Reaction to the McLaren F1 at an announcement splash in Monaco earlier this year was rhapsodic. The assembled glitterati, including former world champions, the mega rich and European royalty, got to take away with them a magnificently extravagant 74-page brochure for the F1 which must have cost more to produce and print than the rrp of a Mazda MX-5.

It serves as excellent bait to entrap those who have some spare readies. We're talking serious money here — 1.25 million ex-factory. There would be little change out of two million to get an F1 on the road in Australia.

Production of the F1 starts in October next year, at the rate of 50 per annum. A maximum run of only 300 is planned, and each customer will be invited to McLaren's headquarters in Woking, UK, for a personal fitting of driver's seat and controls.

The irony of the McLaren F1 is that many examples of the world's most enthralling car will spend much — in some cases, all — of their time closeted away beneath protective drapes in dust proof garages, their owners too afraid to risk their investment on public roads.

Unquestionably, though, McLaren — at its first attempt at a road going exotic — has redefined performance motoring. — Peter McKay

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

What makes the exciting new Suzuki Across the choice four-stroke quarter litre urban sports machine?

Maybe it's the unique weather proof lockable storage compartment that holds a full-face helmet and has a thousand other uses in a big city.

Then again, maybe there's more to it.

We think its four-cylinder liquid-cooled engine plays a big part. It makes the most

power in the class and runs smoother than anything else. We know it produces the biggest fun quotient.

It could also have to do with the physical size of the Across. This is not your "typical" 250cc machine. It's a comfortable full-size road bike with stunning big bike looks and feel.

All these things make Suzuki's

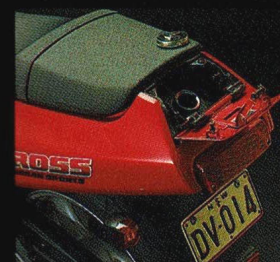
radical new Across the choice of the class.

But the storage compartment makes it an open and shut case.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.

● Please read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Enjoy riding safely.



Remote-operated fuel filler cap.

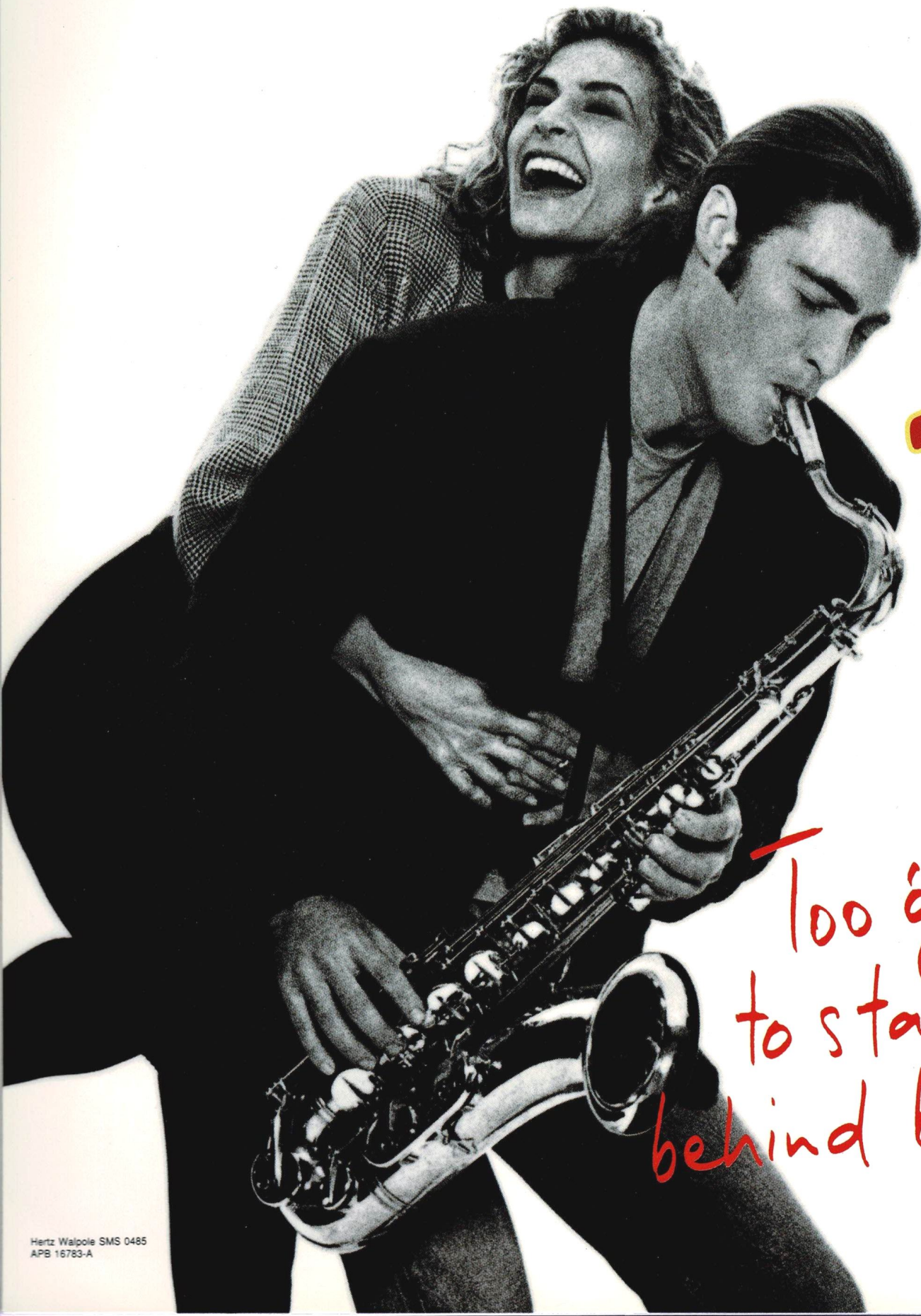


NEW GRAPHICS OUT NOW!

ACROSS

Stylish full fairing and 4-into-1 exhaust

Classic Smirnoff.



Too good
to stay
behind bars.